

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

ROSE HERSEE.

In the present number we give a portrait of a popular favourite, Miss Rose Hersee, who has at an early age become the acknowledged head of the English operatic profession, and has not only attained a high reputation in her native country, but has gained abundant laurels in the United States and Canada, both as actress and vocalist. Rose Hersee, like Patti, Nilsson, Arabella Goddard, Louisa Pyne, and many other great artists, is a proof that there is no truth in the common saying that youthful "prodigies" seldom ripen into good artists. From the earliest age she displayed remarkable evidences of musical organisation, and, when six years old, used to sing operatic bravuras and duets with astonishing facility, and invariably perfect intonation. When only ten years of age, she made her *début* at a private concert of the Amateur Musical Union, and produced such a remarkable sensation that her family were induced to comply with her earnest wish to become a professional vocalist. Not long afterwards she made her first appearance before the general public at an evening concert, given in St. James's Hall, the list of artists who appeared on the same occasion including the names of Mdmes. Parepa, Sherrington, and Arabella Goddard, MM. Sims Reeves, Santley, and other artists of eminence. Her success or failure was to decide the question of her becoming a professional artist; and under this severe ordeal she achieved an extraordinary success, and was enthusiastically encored at the conclusion of her song—a *chanson* by Etienne Arnaud, with embellishments and cadenzas extending to E in alt. She rapidly acquired popularity, and ere long her name was to be found in the programmes of all concerts of importance. Her success in the provinces was immense, and she gained a succession of triumphs in all the chief towns of England and Scotland. While the delicious bird-like quality of her voice was heard to advantage in brilliant feats of vocalisation, she equally charmed her hearers by her ballad-singing, which was conspicuous for clearness of articulation, and a power of expression which, whether manifested in pathos or archness, captivated all hearers.

Rose Hersee's popularity, and her artistic merit, did not escape the keen eye of Mr. Mapleson; and in January, 1868, the youthful artist, who had in the previous month made her *début* on the operatic stage as 'Amina,' at the opening of the National Standard Theatre, was engaged by that gentleman as one of the "stars" of his concert tour; in conjunction with Mlle. Titien, Madame Demerle Lablache, Mr. Tom Hohler, and Mr. Santley. So great was her success that she was engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the following season of Her Majesty

maintained her powers and command of voice to the end, and was indeed better in the difficult scenes of the last act, down to the trying *finale*, than in the beginning. Her reception was very warm and enthusiastic. She was called out after every act, and although her *début* was evidently watched with critical attention, her success was unquestionable."—*N. Y. Herald*, Sept. 20.

The *Tribune* said:—"Her *début* was a striking success. No young artist within our recollection has received more prompt and decided manifestations of popular favour. She was cordially welcomed, warmly encouraged, and applauded throughout the representation, and at the close was complimented by a series of demonstrations. That she will prove a most attractive acquisition to our lyric stage is beyond a doubt. Her first appearance was a distinct and well deserved success."—*Tribune*, Sept. 20.

The *Express* said:—"With a petite graceful figure, a bright smiling face, eyes full of expression, a wealth of golden hair, and an infinitely piquant manner, she possesses all the requisites for the physical embodiment of the part. Vocally, too, she is not lacking in the sympathetic quality so important in a singer of her style and character. Her voice is pure, flexible, has a good range, and gives evidence of careful and judicious culture. With these qualities it is by no means remarkable that her success, on Saturday evening, was most genuine. Her efforts were received with signs of the most cordial approbation, and her *status* as an artist of rare attractiveness immediately established. She is a most pleasing and acceptable addition to our list of *prime donna*, and is destined to become a great favourite."—*N. Y. Express*, Sept. 20.

The *World* said:—"Considerable anxiety was felt as to this *début*. The *prima donna* soon set all doubts at rest. Ere the first *aria* was completed, it was pretty well understood by the listeners that art was winning a triumph. She was recalled, and made the recipient of a bundle of buds almost as large as herself."—*N. Y. World*, Sept. 19.

The favourable opinions expressed by these and all the other leading journals of New York were subsequently endorsed by the musical critics of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and indeed all the great cities in the United States, and the name of "Rose Hersee" became a household word among the lovers of music in America. She was engaged for the following season at a salary of £75 per week, and sang with increasing success from October, 1870, to May, 1871.

In the autumn of 1871 a spirited effort was made by the management of the St. James's Theatre in behalf of English opera, and the "National Opera Company" which was organised included the names of almost every English operatic artist of eminence. The fame of Miss Hersee's American successes had become widely known in England; and a liberal offer was made to her by Mr. Stephen Fiske to accept the position of *prima donna assoluta* in the new company. In compliance with this proposal, she returned to England, and made her *rentrée* in London at St. James's Theatre, September 30, 1871, as "Elvira" in Balfe's *Rose of Castile*. Her success was brilliant. Two years of almost incessant stage practice had rendered her a finished and fascinating actress, and had imparted richness and volume to her voice, without deteriorating from its freshness and purity; while the brilliancy of her execution in florid music was more remarkable than ever. The metropolitan press gave her hearty praise; and during her London season, and the long provincial tour of the National Opera Company through England, Scotland, and Ireland, her career was a series of triumphs. English opera, however, is but poorly encouraged in England; and it was not long before she accepted an engagement to appear at the Grand Opera House, New York; having been engaged for six months by Mr. Augustine Daly, at a salary of £100 per week.

In November, 1872, she made her *rentrée* at New York, and was enthusiastically received, and at the close of her long and successful engagement at the Grand Opera House, she commenced an operatic tour through the United States and Canada, in which she gained still further laurels.

In the autumn of 1872, she returned to England, in acceptance of an offer made to her by Mr. Carl Rosa, of an engagement as principal *prima donna* of the "Carl Rosa Opera Company," the best organised company which has been seen in this country since the palmy days of Harrison and Louisa Pyne. Throughout the long provincial tour of the company, she was everywhere received with enthusiasm, and her self-devotion and courage were notably manifested at Nottingham in December last; when, a few hours after being injured in the fatal railway collision at the Syston Junction, she played the part of "Arlene" in the *Bohemian Girl*, with the bruises on her cheek and forehead partially hidden by paint. The lamented untimely death of Madame Parepa Rosa suddenly put an end to Mr. Carl Rosa's operatic speculation, and the performances which he had announced to be given during March last at Drury Lane Theatre were abandoned, depriving Miss Hersee of a much desired opportunity of appearing again before her London admirers.

Miss Hersee's proper sphere is the operatic stage; and she almost exclusively devotes herself to provincial performances in English opera, her only (quasi) metropolitan appearances since 1871 having been made at the Crystal Palace Opera, where she is a distinguished favourite. From August 3rd to August 15th she has sung at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, as *prima donna assoluta* of Mr. George Perren's "Crystal Palace Opera Company." From August 17th to September 6th she fulfils a similar engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. From September 7th to September 21st she will sing at the Theatre Royal, Cork, and will be *prima donna* of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts from October 3rd to October 17th. On the 19th of October she will resume her position as leading *prima donna* of the "Carl Rosa Opera Company," which has been reorganised for a tour in the provinces; and she will most probably again visit America next winter, in compliance with tempting offers which she has recently received. We may say, as the *London Times* said of her in August last, "Such an artist can ill be spared."

We have only to add that Miss Rose Hersee has endeared herself, in private as well as in public, by the unaffected simplicity of her character; and that the generosity which she has always manifested towards her less fortunate comrades adds lustre to the brilliant reputation which she has gained abroad and at home by the display of her rare dramatic and vocal talents.

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The Drama.

THE past week has been almost wholly uneventful, and but little has taken place at the few theatres remaining open to call for more than a passing notice; and notwithstanding the proverbial emptiness of London during August, and the entire absence of novelty, they have been generally well attended—the numerous visitors who usually come to the metropolis at this period of the year principally forming the audiences.—The promenade concerts at Covent Garden especially have been nightly thronged, more particularly on Saturday night, when, for the first time this season, notices had to be put out shortly after the commencement, announcing that stalls, dress circle, and promenade were "full;" and on Wednesday, the first classical night, the first part of the programme being devoted to compositions by Mendelssohn, almost all the private boxes, stalls, and dress circle seats were booked beforehand.—The recent changes in the cast of *Clancarty*, at the Olympic, owing to the temporary absence of Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Fowler, and Mr. Anson, whose parts are now respectively filled by Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Marion Terry, and Mr. Charles Harcourt, has in no degree lessened the attractiveness of Mr. Tom Taylor's historical drama, and seems rather to have imparted renewed vitality to the interest and enthusiasm with which it continues to be received. The impersonations of "Clancarty," "William of Orange," and "Lord Spencer," by Messrs. H. Neville, Sugden, and W. H. Vernon, have lost nothing of their artistic excellence. The play must however be shortly withdrawn to make way for the long promised drama of *The Two Orphans*.—Mr. Boucicault's comedy-drama, *Led Astray*, at the Gaiety, although somewhat coldly received on its first production, has gradually grown into favour, and we think most deservedly, for, in spite of some defects, the play is deeply interesting, it abounds in effective and striking situations, and is thoroughly well acted, more especially by Mr. Thorne and Miss Helen Barry, in the two leading characters of the unsympathising "Count" and "Countess Chandoce." Mr. Stuart Robson, the other American actor, as "Hector," the "tame cat" of the *château*, with "the heart of a Romeo, but the face of a music-hall comic singer," renders the character, though wholly unsuited to his style, most amusing by his quiet, dry humour, gentlemanly ease, and genial *bonhomie*, and proves himself an artist of intelligence and high cultivation, in spite of his marked and objectionable nasal twang and indistinct enunciation. The piece is, moreover, admirably put on the stage, the several set scenes being remarkably excellent, even for the Gaiety, which has acquired a deserved celebrity in this respect. The drama will only be continued a limited number of nights longer, next Saturday being the last night of its representation, and on the following Monday, 31st inst., the regular company of the theatre, with Mr. Arthur Cecil and other additions, will reappear on their return from their provincial engagements. A new *opéra-bouffe*, by Lecoq, is in active preparation as the earliest novelty.—Country cousins find ample attractions in *The Prayer in the Storm* at the Adelphi; in *Janet Pride* at the Princess's, where Mr. Webster continues his farewell performances of his old impersonation of "Richard Pride," supported by Mrs. Alfred Mellon, George Belmore, &c.; and at the Strand, in *Paul Pry*, and *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, in the latter of which Miss Lottie Venn, from the Court Theatre, has sustained the part of "Lady Constance" since Monday last.—At the Lyceum, Miss Emily Soldene and her *opéra-bouffe* company continue their farewell performances of *The Grand Duchess*, which will be represented all next week, and be succeeded on Monday, the 31st inst., by a revival of the ever popular *La Fille de Madame Angot*, with Miss Soldene as "Mdlle. Lange." These farewell performances cannot extend beyond September, as Miss Soldene and her troupe start for their American tour early in October.

At the Standard, *The Bells* was represented for the last time on Saturday, and on Monday was succeeded by Mr. Hamilton Aidé's romantic drama of *Philip*, which was repeated during the week, with the original Lyceum cast, including Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. John Clayton, and Miss Isabel Bateman, in the three principal characters. Mr. Bateman's Lyceum company terminate their engagement here to-night, and on Monday next will be succeeded by *La Fille de Madame Angot*, with the Philharmonic cast, Miss Julia Mathews sustaining her old part of "Mdlle. Lange," so that we again shall have Lecoq's popular masterpiece represented at two theatres, the Lyceum and Standard, simultaneously.

La Jolie Parfumeuse, and the brilliant ballet, *Flick and Flock*, with Mdlle. Pitteri as principal *dansuse*, supplemented by Mdlle. Sara and *troupe*, still continue attractive at the Alhambra, where Offenbach's lively and amusing opera will have reached its hundredth consecutive representation next Saturday; it must, however, be shortly withdrawn to make way for another *opéra-bouffe*, which has been in preparation for some time.—The highly successful drama, *Hand and Glove*, by Messrs. George Conquest and Paul Merritt, has been replaced at the Grecian during the week by Musker's romantic drama, *For Dear Life*; and a new drama, entitled *Seven Sins, or Passion's Paradise*, by the joint authors of *Hand and Glove*, will be produced here for the first time on Thursday next, on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr. George Conquest, who will sustain the leading character, "Boosey."—The sensational drama, *The Man Cat*, has been the leading attraction for the last three weeks at the Marylebone Theatre, where Mr. Hazlewood's celebrated drama, *The Prayer of the Wrecked, or the Sea of Ice*, is in active preparation.

The season at the Vaudeville was to have terminated last night, but the arrangements have been altered, and the house continues open with a continuance of the standing programme, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, and *Creatures of Impulse*.—Two theatres re-open to-night—the Opéra Comique and the Haymarket. The former re-opens for an autumn and winter season under the direction of Mr. Doyly Carte, with the laudable attempt to establish a permanent abode in London for light opera, represented with all the completeness and attention to detail which distinguish similar musical performances at even minor continental theatres.

The company engaged by Mr. Doyly Carte includes Miss Pattie Laverne, the most rising young artist, both as singer and actress, of the day; Madame Pauline Rita, the well known concert singer, who will essay the stage for the first time; Miss Adelaide Newton (contralto), Mrs. Power; Mr. J. B. Jarvis, Mr. Appleby, and Mr. Chatterton, the American tenor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who will make his *début* in London. Mr. Hamilton Clarke is to be conductor of the music. The theatre opens to-night with a new *opéra comique*, entitled *The Broken Branch*, founded on Gaston Serpette's opera, *La Branche cassée*, by Mr. Du Terreux.—The Haymarket re-opens for a short autumnal season, during the absence of Mr. Buckstone and his company on their provincial tour, under the direction of Mdlle. Beatrice, for the production of *The Sphinx*, an English version, by Mr. Campbell Clarke, of Octave Feuillet's last new drama, *Le Sphinx*, which achieved quite a sensational success on its first production at the Theatre Français, Paris, so recently as last March; chiefly owing to the intense and painful realism of the death by poison of the heroine, "Blanche de Chelles," as enacted by a young actress, Mdlle. Croissette. In less than two months the drama was introduced to London audiences by Messrs. Valnay and Pitron's French com-

pany at the Princess's, where the part of "Blanche de Chelles" was sustained by Mdlle. Favart, who greatly modified the death scene, and avoided altogether the sickening details imparted to it by Mdlle. Croissette. The English version, by Mr. Campbell Clarke, of this drama, to be represented for the first time in London at the Haymarket to-night, was brought out as a sort of preparatory dress rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, on Wednesday last week, with the same cast with which it will be performed to-night; Mdlle. Beatrice sustaining the rôle of the Sphinx, the wayward, capricious, pleasure-loving, and weirdly fascinating "Blanche de Chelles," and Miss Louie Moodie that of her bosom friend, "Berthe de Savigny."

Next Saturday Mr. Chatterton commences the season at Drury Lane with a revival of *Amy Robsart*, supported by Miss Wallis as the heroine, Miss Bessie King as "Queen Elizabeth," Mr. Creswick as "Varney," and Mr. Sinclair as "Leicester"; and the opening of the pantomime *Jack in the Box* as an afterpiece. This programme will only continue until Mr. Charles Halliday's new spectacular drama, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," is ready for production, towards the end of September. The principal characters will be sustained by Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Terris, Miss Wallis, and Miss Bessie King.

Chess.

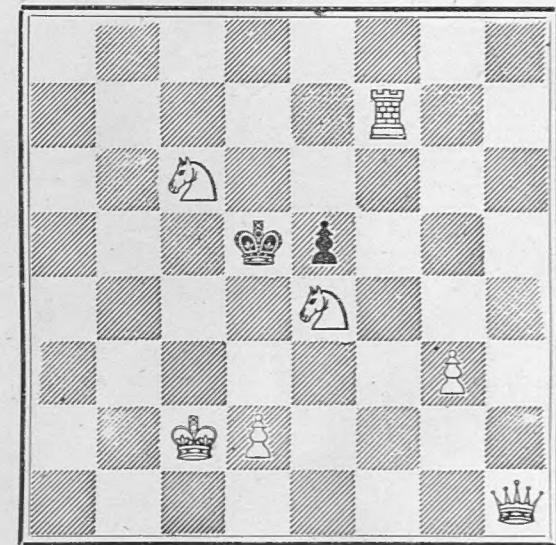
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM NO. 19.

A PRIZE problem in the British Chess Association Tourney.

MOTTO: "LUDIMUS EFFIGIEM BELL."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 18.

BLACK.

1. B to K R 3

1. Anything.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. C.—There is no mate of Black, reply with—1. B takes Kt.

T. H. T., Chertsey.—The problem cannot be solved as you propose. Black can take the Queen with Bishop, and when you check with Knight, move—2. K to Q B 5.

R. R.—The names of the successful competitors have not yet been published.

R. H. S.—The solution is correct.

The following well-fought game was played between Mr. Cochane and the Brahmin Moheschunder.

[GIUOCO PIANO.]

WHITE (Moh.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Moh.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	20. B takes Kt	20. B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	21. Q to K 2	21. B takes Kt
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	22. R takes B	22. Q to Q 2
4. P to Q B 3	4. Kt to K B 3	23. R to K 3	23. P to Q 4
5. Castles	5. P to Q 3 (a)	24. Q to K R 5	24. K to R 2
6. P tc Q 4	6. P takes P	25. K R to K Sq	25. Q R to K Sq (d)
7. P takes P	7. B to Kt 3	26. Q to K 2	26. R takes R
8. P to K R 3	8. P to K R 3	27. Q takes R	27. R to K B 2
9. Kt to Q B 3	9. Castles	28. Q to Q Kt 3	28. P to Kt 4
10. B to K B 4	10. K to R sq	29. Q to Q Kt 4 (e)	29. R to K 2
11. Q to Q 2	11. Kt to Kt sq	30. B to K 5	30. Q to B 4
12. P to Q R 3 (b)	12. Q to Kt 2	31. P to K Kt 4 (f)	31. Q to Q 6
13. Q R to Q Bsq (c)	13. Kt to Kt 3	32. R to K 3	32. Q to Q 8 (ch)
14. B to Kt Kt 3	14. P to K B 4	33. K to R 2	33. R to B 2
15. P takes P	15. Q B takes P	34. B to Kt 3	34. Kt to B 5
16. Kt to Q 5	16. P to Q B 3	35. R to K 7 (g)	35. Q to K B 8
17. Kt takes B	17. P takes Kt	36. B takes Kt	36. Qtks K B P (ch)
18. R to Q B 3	18. Kt to K B 3	37. K to R sq	37. R takes B
19. B to Q 3	19. Kt to K 5	38. R to K 6	38. R to B 6

And wins.

NOTES.

(a) Black might capture the King's Pawn with Knight, but the move in the text is equally good.

(b) We fail to see the object of this move; Kt to Q 5 seems in every way preferable.

(c) Though this Rook takes possession of an open file, he is not likely to be much use there. Valuable time is often lost by developing pieces in positions where their services are not likely to be called upon.

(d) It was necessary at all hazards to disturb White's occupation of the open King's file with his two Rooks.

(e) White gains nothing by this mode of play. The position is palpably drawn; but White in attempting to win pays the usual penalty.

(f) A very injudicious move.

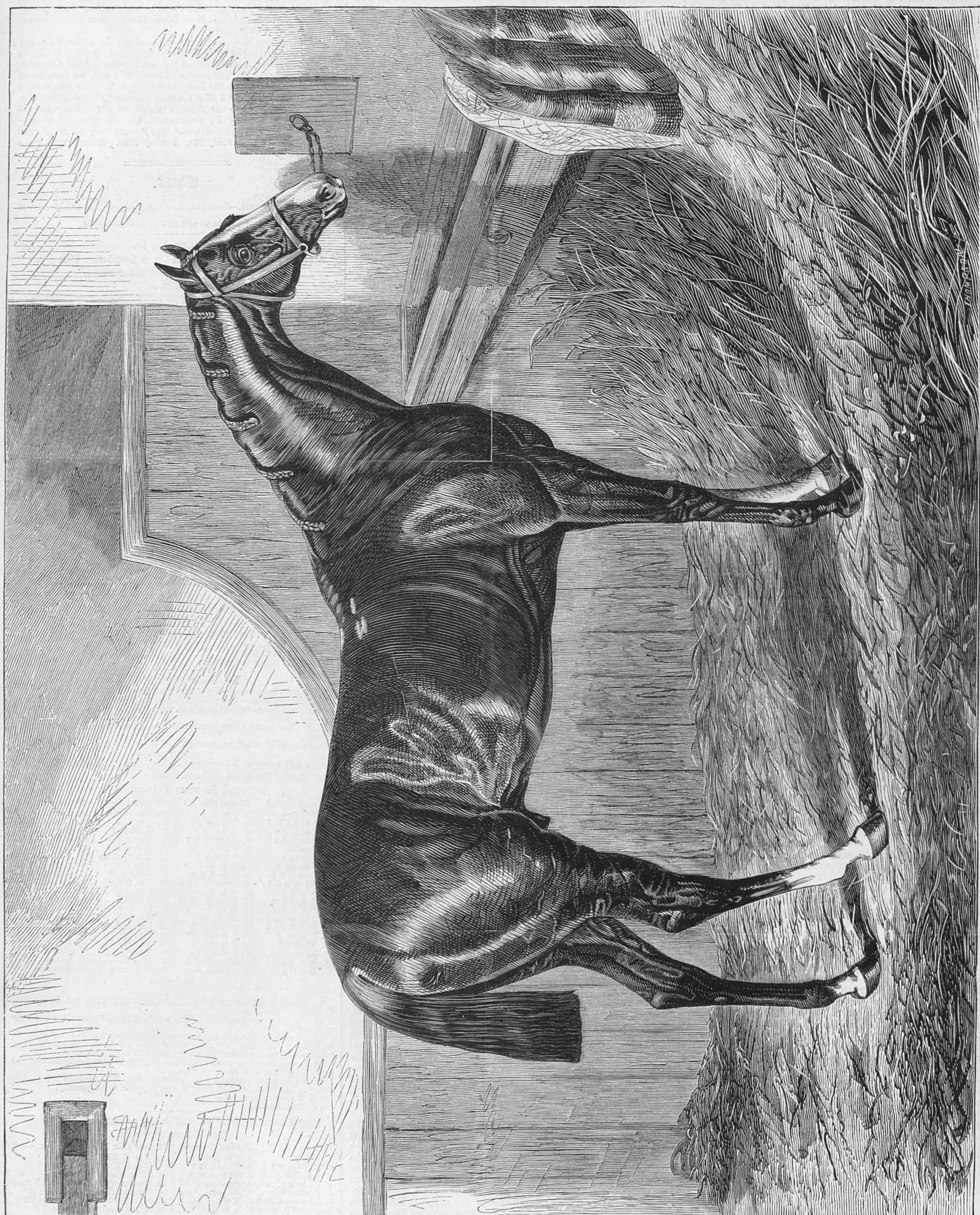
(g) This is fatal.

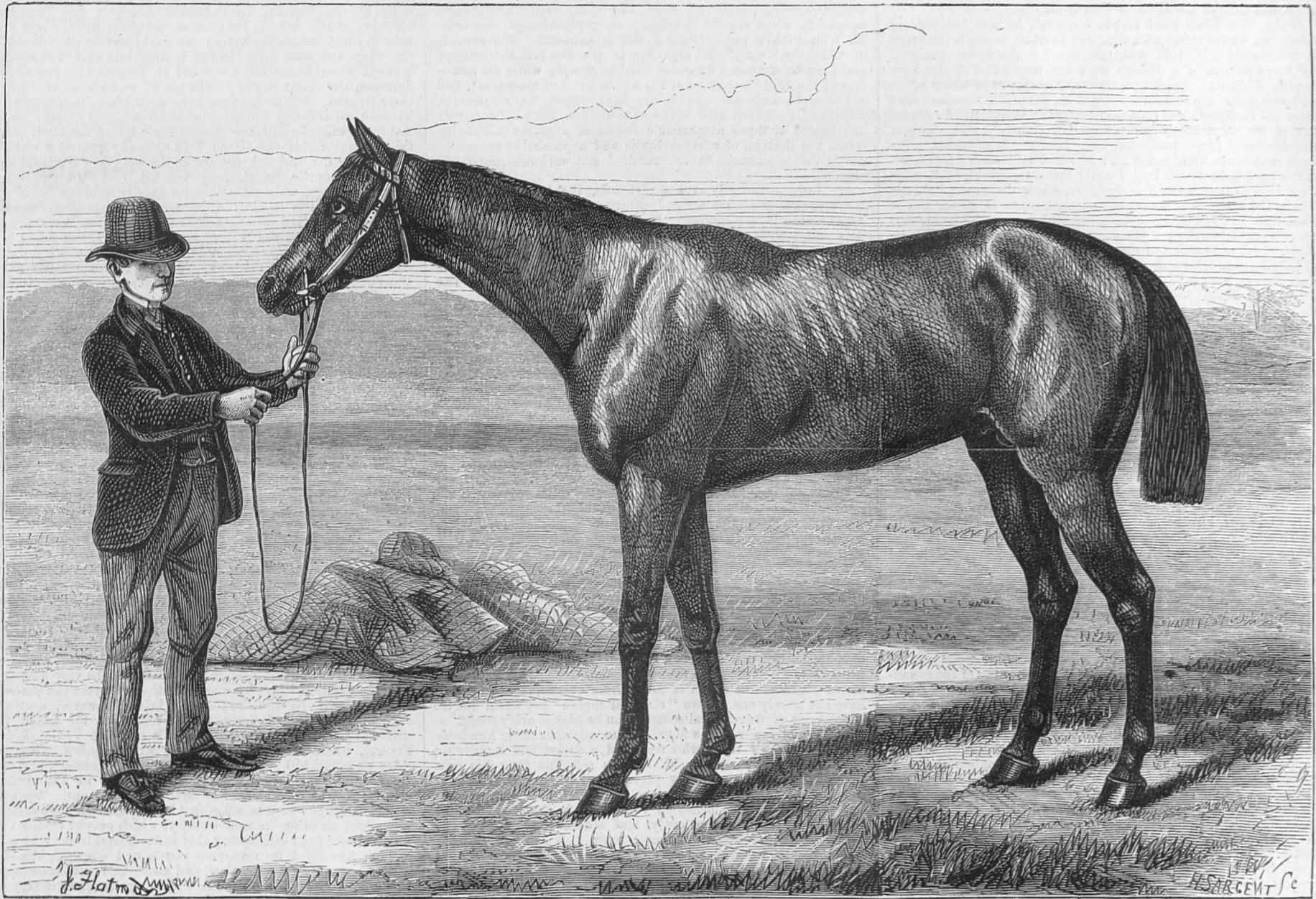
Played between Mr. Neill and another amateur.

(TWO KNIGHTS' GAME.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. —)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. —)

<tbl





SIR J. ASTLEY'S "SCAMP."

(Winner of the Goodwood and Brighton Stakes.)

SCAMP.

SCAMP, bred in 1871 by Lord Charles Innes Ker, is by The Rake out of Lady Sophie. The Rake, by Wild Dayrell out of England's Beauty, was certainly the best two-year-old performer of 1866, having beaten Knight of the Garter, Fitzroy, Cellina, and Marksman in the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton, and showing a clean pair of heels to Achievement and the "Knight" in the Middle Park Plate. After the latter excellent performance he went into winter quarters a strong Derby favourite, and, not being engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, held his position firmly, until the rupture of a blood vessel a few days before the race put him quite out of court for the Blue Riband, secured by that sensational animal Hermit. Unlike most of Wild Dayrell's stock, The Rake was a tight, muscular, wiry-looking nag on short legs, and taking more after the Kingston stock on his dam's side. In fact, some went so far as to deny altogether the paternity of Wild Dayrell, and fathered The Rake upon other animals. But such could hardly be the case, and the big bay must be entitled to whatever credit The Rake has conferred upon him. England's Beauty was of course one of the Eltham matrons, and was thence transported, if we recollect aright, into Mr. T. E. Walker's, from which she came up for sale once more in her old quarters at Middle Park. She seemed to bear her years remarkably well, and may yet do good service at the stud.

Scamp's *début* for Turf honours was delayed, for some reason or another, until the dark days of last November, when he took his only two-year-old peep at racing, at Shrewsbury, in a two-year-old selling stakes. In Morris's hands, however, he could not even gain a place, among seven competitors, over the half-mile; but he was paying the usual penalty of darkies, and conceded 10lb to Julia Lex, that very speedy sprinter in Joe Dawson's stable. Some very long shots having been taken about him for the Derby during the winter, he appeared among the rather limited number coloured on Mr. Doring's card, but he did not sport "straw" on that occasion, his owner preferring to keep him fresh for Ascot, where he ran creditably for the Stakes, many remarking that he would be much benefited by time. For his Goodwood engagement, Blanton took him in hand in earnest, and being a remarkably sound horse, the trainer did not hesitate to pitch plenty of strong work into him, notwithstanding the adamantine state of the ground, over which so many of his opponents were coming to grief. Holding his own well in the market, he won cleverly enough from Cambuslang and a moderate field; but to show what a good honest horse he was, he capped that performance by another win in the Brighton Stakes, after which his owner withdrew him from other engagements, and vowed he should be stripped to run no more until the St. Leger bell rang at Doncaster. What his chance may be for the great race of the North, it is beyond our province to enquire; but at present outsiders are not in much request. It is high time, so say the knowing folk, for another Saucebox to arise; but, be that as it may, he will be a better favourite than at present, especially if Fordham is by any accident released from his engagement to serve under the tricolor. All Lincolnshire would, as "Argus" said of Newmarket to Alfred Day, "rise" to Sir J. Astley's victory, and The Rake, of whose location we are at present

in ignorance, at once take a prominent place among our "Fathers of the English Stud." Blanton has generally had a greater reputation for training sprinters than stayers, but now that he has the proper material to work upon, has shown his ability to hold his own amongst his brethren in the art. Scamp is a horse requiring but little description, and is just one of those animals not particularly striking at first sight, but bearing inspection better than the flashier sort. He has no especial points to comment upon, and would be set down as a "useful stamp," without laying claim to those attributes of size and quality we are wont to associate with horses of the highest class. He is just such a horse as we might expect The Rake to beget, and there can be no doubt as to his stamina, which has been abundantly proved on more than one occasion. Whoever has his mount on the brown next month will find a fair honest horse under him, who may leave a good many sobbing out their hearts at the Red House turn, but we have no great hopes of seeing the straw borne so prominently as in Surplice's year.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XX.—VELOCIPED.

It was in "Pretender's year" that we paid our first visit to Whitewall. John Scott was putting the finishing touch upon the sturdy little Royal Oak for the St. Leger, in which he was fated never to engage; and after watching the morning's doings on Langton Wold, and having been placed under John Peart's direction to inspect the horses in their boxes, and to take a bird's-eye view of the famous establishment, we were bidden with true Yorkshire hospitality to lunch in the well-known Whitewall parlour. Prominent among the many paintings of bygone celebrities with which its walls were covered, the eye was naturally directed to that which held the post of honour over the sideboard, and kept watch and ward over the shank bones of Tramp below, now converted into useful office bearers as handles of the carving knife and fork. "The best and truest-actioned horse I ever trained, Sir," was John Scott's interpretation of an enquiring glance at the picture of Velocipede; and "they might talk as they please about the blood, if I only had a slice of it to wake them up with now." Even Newminster with "Sim" up, a perfect gem of a picture—the imaginary finish of Launcelot and Maroon for the St. Leger—Sir Tatton Sykes, the "family" horse—the mighty West himself—could not shake John Scott's allegiance to the white-legged chestnut, and the circuit of his gallery ended, the "Wizard" paused once more before him to tell us of his native worth and deeds of might "in the brave days of old." Then bidding us be seated, the veteran beguiled a visit too short for our interested curiosity by anecdotes of every celebrity which adorned the walls, still harking back after each recital to Velocipede, as the "best and truest-actioned horse I ever trained in my life." Having been brought up in anti-Blacklock faith, we could but sit and listen at the feet of our Gamaliel, and ponder in our heart the difference of creeds causing such confusion in the breeding world.

Velocipede, foaled in 1825, was by Blacklock out of a mare by Juniper from a Sorcerer mare. "This king among horses," says the "Druid," "had a rough, vulgar, Roman head, with a white blaze, and a flesh-coloured nose, which he transmitted to all his stock, the great majority of which took after him in colour and marks.

His Juniper dam, half-sister to Camarine, the great mare of the South, was not more than fifteen hands, but his own standard was just above sixteen, and Quiver was by far the smallest thing he ever got. Mr. Ridsdale gave eight hundred guineas for his brother, George IV., as a yearling, but he turned out a most sorry bargain, and a mere foil for his elder brother. His finest daughter, Queen of Trumps, was a bad beginner; and if you watched her gallop, she went lame first with one leg and then with the other, till you became convinced that she was lame all round. One small knot on Velocipede's off fore-leg, halfway between the knee and the fetlock, pressed on the main tendon, and made him the magnificent cripple he was, and, oddly enough, as if to knock over all theories, his whole chestnut leg was the one affected. After his fatal trial, John Scott and George Izard hardly left him for three weeks, night or day, and George never ceased applying lotions to it, as the last hope of getting him round. He would let them do it as he lay, but the mischief was too deeply seated, and there was no more dependence to be placed on the sinew, though the heart was never found to falter." In the above-mentioned trial, the "greatest ever yet run," Bill Scott on Granby made the running, and was beaten a distance; Sim Templeman, on the Colonel, in receipt of 7lb from Velocipede, finished half the distance before Granby; and Mameluke found he could not give anything like 7lb and a year to George Nelson and Velocipede. Still, the morning's deed did not bear the afternoon's reflection, as the chestnut pulled up lame in the off fore-leg, and his best days were over.

Velocipede was bought for £120 from Mr. Moss, after Mr. Houldsworth had said that he would not give sixpence for such a slight-legged one. His mettle under leg difficulties elicited this eulogy from Bill Scott, that "if his legs had been cut off, he'd have fought on his stumps;" and the way in which, four-year-old cripple that he was, he cut down Bessy Bedlam over the T.Y.C. at York, was his highest triumph of speed. His first great race was won at York August, during a meeting in which Mulatto and Fleur de Lis were winners, and Jerry, Laurel, Humphrey Clinker, and Emma were not; and as a parting gift he beat Dr. Faustus, Economist, and a good field for the Liverpool Trades' Cup. Soon after that, he ran away with his lad, and broke down so badly after galloping several times round the field in front of Whitewall that they had the greatest difficulty to support him back into his stable with sacks. John considered him in his prime quite 21lb better than the Colonel, who was "short and pudgy, with fine speed, and high and fighting in his action." Coming out as a two-year-old at York Spring Meeting in 1827, he beat Jenny Mills, Jour de Noces, and half a dozen others in a canter over the T.Y.C., but at Doncaster in the same year had to cry "enough" to Bessy Bedlam, then in her very prime. At the next York Spring Meeting he won the St. Leger by a 100 yards (according to Orton's "Turf Annals"), from Grey Viscount and others, and in the following year, after settling his relative Laurel in the Gold Cup over two miles, cut down Bess of Bedlam over her favourite T.Y.C. the next day. Thenceforward we hear of him no more, but the names of those he beat so decisively during his Turf career figure prominently in after annals; and while Amato has immortalised him as the sire of a Derby winner, Queen of Trumps added the Oaken crown and St. Leger wreath to the trophies of the Whitewall pet, and Joe Lovell and King of Trumps have been

his stud "cards" up to within a very recent date, while Thorn is still left racing among us, at some future time to sustain the name and fame of the house of Velocipede.

When Velocipede went first to the stud, he was stationed at Ainderby, which seems on a clear day to nestle beneath the range of the Hambledon Hills, and "commanded the whole country" for two seasons. The village were not unmindful of the high honour of his stay, and his portrait still creaks mournfully as the alehouse sign. And well they might be, for a four thousand offer from the foreigners was promptly refused. Eventually he passed out of Mr. Armytage's hands into Dr. Hobson's, and stood at the Shadwell Laue paddocks near Leeds. John Scott often came over to see him, and "Ah! if I had only such a four-year-old as you, with sound legs, I could break the world," fell more than once on his groom Berridge's ear, when the two old friends met in the box. His last public appearance, so to speak, was at Doncaster in 1846, whither he accompanied some Melbourne and Sheet Anchor yearlings of his owners, "just to let the world have another look at him." And what audience he had, too, as he paced in the ring near the pond, or convoyed his young friends down the lime avenue, back to the Rockingham! Even Bill Scott in his Jim Crow hat, which had three wheat ears in it that morning, stepped off the causeway as he was going out to waste (with his two aide-de-camps, lay and clerical, behind him), just to give him greeting. It was none less hearty than his elder brother's, and forcible as usual. "You old beggar, if I'd you on a three-year-old, I'd straight them all, if I can't on my own horse; but I think I can with him." Two years afterwards Velocipede quitted Yorkshire, and took a few days' journey to his owner's farm at Corney Hall, in Cumberland; and there, in 1850, he came to his end. Drosy had set in, with chronic disease of the lungs, and his respiration became so difficult that he could be heard all over the yard. His body filled, and he became so unsightly and oppressed that he dare not lie down, for fear of not being able to get up again, and propped himself against the wall, as well as he could, refusing all corn for three weeks.

His last foal, however, dated from fortnight before his death, which was not long delayed, matters becoming so bad that the groom determined to kill him on his own account, and he led him out to a hill just overlooking the Irish Channel, where he had dug his grave in the sand; but his heart misgave him, and he could not handle his gun. A tailor was accordingly summoned from a neighbouring farmhouse, and he soon broke the thread of life, with as little remorse as he would a cat's, "and the mighty heart and little prick ears were still." And so fell the quondam pride of Whitewall, his rugged tumulus whistled over by the salt-tongued gale, and in the perpetual hearing of the melancholy Ocean. Times are altered now, that the "Wizard's" books and wand lie buried deep near his Malton home, and the ancient order of the table round at Whitewall is nothing more than a memory. The sheeted string in the familiar Bowes clothing, and with its liveried stable lads in attendance, still winds up the zig-zag path to Grimston Hills, but in diminished numbers and with lessened prestige. A few of the old sort may still gather round John Peart's hospitable parlour fireside to talk over the palmy days in which they bore no mean part; and Jim Perren has ripened into a somewhat portly successor to his old master John Scott. But the glories of the place have faded, and the tout's occupation is half gone, now that the Spring Cottage boxes are also vacant, and Grove House has sent its canniest representative southwards to support the Russley banner, and sweep the boards at York and Doncaster in the cause of the black and yellow of Merry. The recollection of many a name clings round the place still, but none more cherished than that of the Blacklock chestnut, of which many with justice may say, "Ah! if I had only such a four-year-old as you, with sound legs, I could break the world."

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

We are glad to perceive a decided improvement in the quality of the music selected for performance at the Covent Garden Concerts. On Wednesday last the experiment was made of giving a concert mainly composed of classical music; the first part of the programme consisting entirely of selections from Mendelssohn. The result was highly satisfactory. An audience almost as large as that which on the preceding Saturday had over-filled the house, was gathered together; and the profound attention which was paid to every portion of the Mendelssohn music was a gratifying proof of what we have maintained, viz: that the public of to-day is desirous of hearing really good music, and that it is a mistake to undervalue the musical taste and cultivation of the multitude by providing concert programmes from which such music is excluded. The fine band of these concerts seemed to enjoy the opportunity of showing their powers; and the overture to *Ruy Blas*, with which the concert opened, was played with great effect. We have heard it better performed; with greater colouring infused by the use of contrast; with greater vigour in the crescendos, and with more attention those passing *nuances* which give character and intellectuality to orchestral interpretations. Still the performance was above mediocrity, and showed to advantage the excellent qualities of the band. The overture was listened to with rapt attention, and was enthusiastically encored. The lovely "Italian" symphony was the chief feature in the selection, and the remarks already made in the *Ruy Blas* overture will apply to the performance of the Symphony. The playing was good, but mechanical, and there was a tendency to hurry the time. The "Pilgrim's March" movement in the "Andante" was taken much too fast. No blame can attach to the band, which is composed of instrumentalists who have for years been accustomed to play this symphony and other works by the same master; but there can be little doubt that it would be better if these important orchestral works were confided exclusively to M. Betjemann as conductor, leaving M. Hervé to conduct the lighter music, in which he is thoroughly at home. Until quite recent times classical orchestral music was rarely to be heard in France, and M. Hervé can hardly be expected to understand the traditions of great instrumental music, which he has probably never had any opportunity of hearing until called on to rehearse it at Covent Garden. Under such circumstances it is only natural that his conducting should exhibit indecision, and a lack of familiarity with the spirit of the author, the result being that the band fail to do full justice to themselves or to the music. M. Hervé is so full of intelligence, and has so strong a faculty of assimilation (as may be seen in his admirable parodies of Gounod) that he is sure not to make any great or serious blunder, and would probably become an admirable conductor of classical music if he could have the requisite practice. At present he is rather directed by than the director of the band, excepting where the lighter kinds of music are performed, and these he conducts admirably.

The fine qualities of the orchestra were well displayed in their share of Mendelssohn's violin concerto in E minor; the soloist

being M. Wieniawski, and the performance being conducted by Mr. Betjemann, who seems to enjoy the full confidence of the instrumentalists under his *bâton*, and brings out effects of light and shade, which are not developed excepting when he conducts. M. Wieniawski's violin playing was magnificent. The manner in which he "sang" the melodies in the two first movements, could not be surpassed for grace and tenderness; while his execution of the difficult cadenza at the end of the first movement, and of the rapid scale passages in the final allegro, was a marvel of brilliancy, combined with faultless intonation. He was frequently interrupted by those irrepressible bursts of applause which be token the delight of a sympathetic and appreciative audience; and at the conclusion, he was recalled and enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Levy performed, as a cornet solo, the "Love Song" of Mendelssohn, and when encored, substituted the pathetic "Dying Nun" of the same composer. He has on no occasion for a long time past, played so well. His reading of both songs was thoroughly artistic, and he abstained entirely from those embellishments in the shape of cadenzas, shakes, &c., with which he generally spoils the effect of his otherwise good playing. The success which attended his legitimate performance on Wednesday last, in the two Mendelssohn songs, ought to convince him that true art will meet with warm appreciation. Mr. J. Pittman played the accompaniment with delicacy and grace.

Mdlle. Bianchi sang Mendelssohn's "Auf flügeln des gesanges," in the original German; which is, we believe, her native tongue. The time was very much too slow; so much so, as almost to change the character of the song. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang "I'm a roamer," with the orchestral accompaniments, but apparently without rehearsal; and band and singer were not always together. The well-known part-song "Oh hills, oh vales," was nicely sung by the choir, and thus seven illustrations of Mendelssohn were given.

It was a pleasant sight to behold between three and four thousand persons intently listening to the interpretation of the great composer whose genius has found warmer appreciation here than in his own land. Not only were the seats in dress circle, boxes, stalls, and galleries closely packed, but some two thousand persons stood throughout the first part of the concert drinking in the music with delight; rapt in silent attention during the performance, and breaking forth into enthusiasm at every pause. After the success of the "Mendelssohn Night," there can be no mistake as to the popular desire for high-class music. Messrs. Gatti have wisely secured the services of an unusually excellent orchestra. Not to utilise such materials would be a wilful waste, while their employment in the interpretation of orchestral masterpieces would attract lovers of music from every quarter. Let us have not merely one or two "classical nights" per week, but let at least one good orchestral composition be played every night.

At the conclusion of the Mendelssohn selection many hundreds departed, but for those who remained a varied and interesting programme was provided. M. Hervé's selection from his own opera, *Chilperic*, was briskly played, and the bright sparkling melodies were well rendered by the various soloists to whom they were entrusted. The principal vocal success was made by Mr. Charlton, who sang excellently, and obtained an enthusiastic encore for Cherry's fine dramatic song, "Will o' the Wisp." Mdlle. Benati sang with considerable success the Polacca from the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas; Mdlle. Bianchi sang Bendict's "Bird that came in Spring," but without the flute *obligato*, which was a mistake, with so excellent a first flute as Mr. Harrington Young at hand. Mr. Pearson and Mr. Lewis Thomas joined in the perennial "All's Well." Mr. Harvey astonished and delighted the audience in a new trombone solo, entitled "The Carabineers," composed for him by clever F. Godfrey; Mr. Levy and the orchestra combined in M. Hervé's new *valse* "Autumn Flowers," and the concert concluded with a spirited rendering of Gungl's "Recruit." This "second part" was all that could be desired at concerts of this kind; and if the "first part" of each future concert contain one or two orchestral works worthy the fine orchestra, the "Covent Garden Promenade Concerts" will ensure and deserve a prosperous career. We are glad to observe that the programme for to-night is well selected, and that a "Beethoven selection" will be given on Wednesday next.

OCARINE.

The "Mountaineers of the Apennines," whose portraits will be found in the present number, have become permanent attractions at the Crystal Palace, where they give daily performances on what are called "Ocarini." The word is a new one; and is probably derived from the Italian "oca,"—an egg; as the instrument employed by the mountaineers present some resemblance to a gigantic egg. More uncouth looking musical instruments it would be difficult to imagine. They appear at first sight to be mere lumps of baked clay, without shape or object, but on closer examination it is seen that these lumps of terra-cotta are perforated with holes and air passages, and that scales can be played upon them. They vary in size, the larger being of course employed in the lower portions of the music,—the smaller in the high notes. The tunes which they emit are singularly powerful, and are not unlike those produced by the Italian Picco, who made a sensation here a few years back with a small but piercing whistle of his own invention and manufacture. There is something quite primitive about the idea of these terra cotta instruments. Terra cotta (*terre cuite*) is earth that has been cooked,—clay, baked; and as clay can be found almost everywhere, and fuel also, an entire orchestra can be equipped at an infinitesimal cost, and in case of any difficulty about alteration of pitch, all that would be necessary would be a wheelbarrowful of clay and a sack of coals. The Ocarine players may or may not be "Mountaineers of the Apennines," but there is little trace of mountain melody or of untutored music in their performances, and their *répertoire* chiefly consists of operatic selections, which they perform with precision and also with taste. When they prepare to play, their appearance is somewhat *bizarre*, and from a distance they appear to be a group of eight solemn-looking Italians engaged in sucking roasted potatoes; but when they once begin to play, the oddity of their instruments is forgotten. The tones which they produce would be too piercing for a small arena, but the Crystal Palace is admirably suited for their performances, which are well worth a visit.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, Aug. 20.

THE brilliantly attended Trouville-Deauville *réunion* came to a close last Sunday, the struggle for the principal prize of the meeting—the Grand Prix de Deauville, to which the Duc de Morny, and subsequently Napoleon III., used to add a cup—culminating in one of the most astonishing surprises we have had on the French Turf this year. The victor of this race was, strange to say, M. Lupin's filly Perla, who defeated by three lengths Saltarelle, the winner of the Chantilly Derby, and Biéville, that of the Caen St. Leger, by whom, be it remarked, she has previously and repeatedly been beaten. Eight horses started for the Grand Prix de Deauville, the outsiders com-

prising Figaro II. and Mignonette, which latter made the running at a tremendous pace, followed by Biéville, Saltarelle, Figaro, Tartane, La Courteuse, Bragance, and Perla, who came last of all. At the final corner, however, Biéville and Perla were in front, Saltarelle having got into inextricable difficulties, and whip and spur alike failing to urge him on. The struggle between Baron Rothschild's colt and M. Lupin's filly was of short duration, the latter coming right away, and easily winning by three lengths. Saltarelle secured the third place, being beaten by his old rival Biéville, and Tartane running a good fourth. 8 to 1 was freely offered and taken against Perla before the start. With this strange result the Grand Prix naturally proved a veritable triumph for the bookmakers; but in the Prix du Conseil-Général, when the favourite, Royal, easily defeated Wild Monarch, and in Prix de la Plage, when Saltimbanque quietly cantered home with all his antagonists lagging in the rear, they were less successful. Genius won the Handicap Libre, the two favourites, Barcarolle and Eros, against whom the betting was only 3 to 1, not being even placed; and Flamen was victorious in the Prix de Clôture, defeating Peut-être by half a length. The Courses des Haies fell to Vincente, who made the running the whole way, and won without opposition.

In addition to these races on Sunday, we had a *réunion* on the previous Friday, when after M. Lefèvre's Le Champis had won the Prix Fervaques and M. Lupin's Baudouin had triumphed in the Prix de Villers, that of the Parisian Société d'Encouragement was gained by Count de Juigné's Montargis, against whom the betting was 5 to 4. The Prix de Villerville—a race for gentlemen riders—which ensued, was followed by a veritable manifestation, M. Maurice Weil, who rode the victor, Mr. Hawes's Gallia, being even more boisterously acclaimed on returning to the *enceinte du pesage* than I have ever seen the successful jockeys of the Grand Prix de Paris. After a number of false starts the six competitors for the Prix de Honfleur got off well together, M. Lefèvre's Vivacité winning easily, while with regard to the concluding steeple-chase, it was gained by Count de St. Sauveur's Périssole, Nestor II. securing the second place, and La Risle the third.

"La chasse" opened last Sunday in twenty-one departments of the South of France, and it will commence in eight others in a few days' time. The 30th, however, is the date fixed for the central regions, including the departments of the Seine and Seine-et-Oise; while in the Loire-Inférieure, Maine-et-Loire, Mayenne, and Pas-de-Calais, sportsmen will have to wait until the 6th September, in the Côte-du-Nord, Finistère, and Morbihan, until the 13th, and in Ille-et-Vilaine, until the 30th of the coming month. In Touraine, it appears, both partridges and quails will be extremely plentiful, though hares will not be very abundant, while in the Bourbonnais we are told that this year the partridge shooting will be excellent—there being, however, somewhat a lack of quails and hares. With regard to the latter, they will be perhaps most plentiful this year at Vexin (Isle-de-France), where ordinarily one meets with very few. The partridge shooting will be up to its average in Normandy, and there appears to be plenty of game of all kinds in the environs of Beauvais and Saint-Germer and in La Beauce. Speaking of "la chasse," I may mention that letters from Holland state the water-fowl shooting in that country, which opened on the 1st of August, is far from satisfactory this year. The extreme heat of the weather has dried up numerous canals and streams; the same is the case with the marshes, and water-fowl are consequently very rare. It appears that the Danish government is very pre-occupied with the disappearance of rabbits in the Danish isles, and an emissary has been sent to France to purchase and despatch to Denmark 50,000 of these quadrupeds. A single Parisian dealer, I am told, has already supplied 6,000.

Orteig, the Oriental champion, so repeatedly victorious in continental walking matches, will commence in October next a three months' pedestrian tour in the north of Europe. A wealthy Dutch nobleman, who recently walked from Amsterdam to Paris, will oppose him in this excursion, having offered Orteig £1000 if he reaches the destination first.

The new act of *Orphée aux Enfers* has proved a great success, and with this additional novelty, Offenbach's celebrated *opéra-bouffe* will probably remain on the bills until the winter. "The Kingdom of Neptune," as the new *farce* is termed, opens with a beautiful bit of lake scenery, quickly followed by the representation of an inundation and a storm—"the bottom of the deep blue sea" being eventually revealed to one with all its myriads of singular inhabitants. Flying fish, shrimps, prawns, tritons, sea horses, anemones, are among the most striking impersonations. One of the most comical dances is a *pas d'ensemble* executed by toads and flying fish. The awaking of Amphitrite is one of the most beautiful phases of the new ballet.

Among other theatrical novelties, I have to signal this week the revival of Eugène Sue's drama *Martin et Bambouche* at the little Théâtre Cluny. The piece itself is inexpressibly bad, the acting remarkably mediocre, but the novel on which Sue based his drama is a work of more than ordinary merit. Originally a waif of the Byronic school, Sue overcharged his early works, the *Vigie de Koatven*, *Atar Gall*, and *Arthur*, with bitterness and egotism, but eventually striking into another line, he became for a time the apostle of the proletariat. *Martin, l'Enfant trouvè*, the novel on which the Cluny drama is based, was a transitional work, and, although frequently crude and exaggerated, has nevertheless many striking merits. The violence and passion which one finds on every page of the romance are not visible in the piece, all the principal events of which appear to take place between the acts, the *dramatis personæ* summarily and vaguely relating them on the stage. The piece is thus almost unintelligible to anyone who has not read the novel. The impression was so bad on the first night that I hardly expected it would see the footlights a second time.

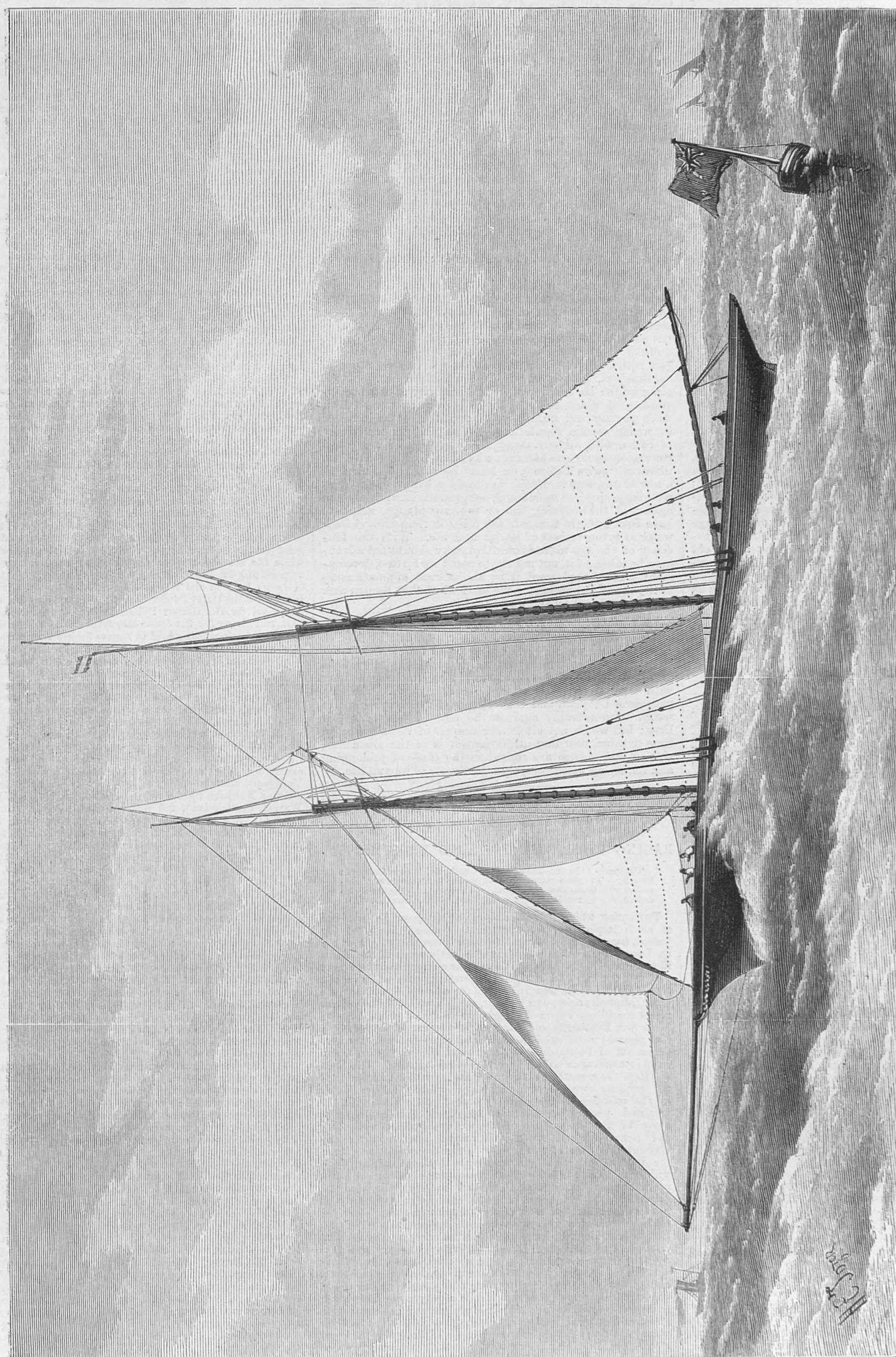
Another *première* has taken place this week, but at Trouville, not at Paris. Madame Théo, one of the celebrities of the hour, has been charming the *habitués* of the Casino with a performance of *Bayadelle* and *Pomme d'Api*, operatic trifles in which Madame Judie—now subsiding somewhat into the shade—had hitherto achieved celebrity. Madame Théo's triumph was complete. Two-thirds of the Paris dramatic critics had hurried off to Trouville for the occasion, and all the theatrical feuilletons sung the *jolie parfumée*'s praises. Madame Théo was supported by Mdmes. Peschard and Grivot, both of whom were also much applauded, especially the former, whose masculine impersonations are celebrated on the Parisian *demi-mondain* stage.

The French journals are busy lamenting just now the foolishness of the Paris directors who suffer so many celebrities of the French theatrical world to contract engagements abroad. "Our actors Dupins, Worms, Lagrange, Lémenil, and our actresses Mdlle. Delaporte, Mdme. Vohns, Mdme. Arnault, Mdme. Pasca," they say, "have abandoned as; Sardou and Feval write for the American stage, Massé and Offenbach compose, the first for the Russian, the second for the English public, and it is high time that our managers should look about them, and not let prizes slip through their fingers as they now are continually doing."

La Fille de Madame Angot is still running at the Folies Dramatiques, but really one is getting more than tired of the irrepressible *Conspirators' Chorus* and the constantly recurring "*O'étais pas la peine.*" I was not so very much surprised therefore when on entering the salon of a fashionable club the other day I found

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

THE autumnal damp and cold of the present month, succeeding as they have done to the almost tropical heat and drought of the past summer, appear to be of but little effect in thinning the ranks of those enthusiasts who, whether as stationary anglers or roving travellers, are to be found thronging the banks and waters of the silvery Thames. In a journey from Oxford to Richmond, it is impossible not to be struck by the fleets of smaller craft navigating its waters on sport or adventure intent; whilst riverside hostels, once humble and unpretending both in fashion and fare, have so altered their outward appearance that anglers of half a century ago would hardly recognise in them the Waltonian retreats of former days. The nooks and corners of old Thames have been sedulously explored, and the whereabouts of all the big fish in the river might be laid down in a map of the river, with almost the same exactness as the situation of Cookham Lock or Monkey Island. It has become fashionable, mainly by reason of its economy and novelty, to navigate the upper waters of the Thames by way of summer excursion. A few years ago, it was deemed worth while by those who had traversed the waters of our king of British floods from source to mouth to write a miniature book of travel for the guidance of after adventurers; but now the feat has become an every-day one, and entitles its performer to no more glory than an ascent of Mont Blanc, robbed of its Albert Smith terrors, and a circumstance now unnoticed even by the Chamounix guns themselves. The more important regattas have long since passed their annual celebration, and though the smaller fry must have their day, regular training may be said to be abandoned, and "boating" resolves itself into paddling round cool backwaters in the most capacious of tubs, or moving up or down stream by slow and easy stages from one resting-place to another, making each halt as long and luxurios as possible, and improving the time by bathing, angling, or midday siesta under the shivering willows.

A Saturday afternoon's cruise will give us some insight into the manners and customs of those affecting aquatic pursuits, and there is room for the study of as much life and character as in a drawing-room at St. James's, or any other resort, either for duty or pleasure, of the cream of society. There is the fisherman of a bygone age, navigating his own punt under the boughs, or putting in his riepeck just above the rapids, so that he can cast his fly within tempting reach of the leather mouthed chub in the hole under the alder, or spin the swirling eddy for that patriarchal trout whose name and place of abode are known almost as well as his own in the riverside hamlet. The veteran has a quiet grumble to himself as that noisy gig comes splashing along under his favourite willows, not without a word of chaff, perhaps, from the youngster taking his ease in the bows; while his equanimity is well nigh altogether upset by the appearance in the offing of that puffing, fussy, energetic little steam launch, the owner of which directs his course right across the happy hunting-grounds of the speckled monarch of the stream. There is the quiet old City gentleman and his friend who have run down for a day's fishing with the professional of the locality, who has to do all their business for them except actually hooking the roach or gudgeon. They have a white umbrella each, and stowed away in the cool recesses of the well are sundry bottles to make their appearance after the well-packed hamper has been discussed at one o'clock. Then after the pigeon pie and sherry have been done justice to, a case of Cabanas will be at hand to discuss, while the professional finishes off their lunch, previous to recommencing the "labours of the day." There is the canoeist, with paddle or sail, working his way silently along, dropping anchor occasionally to read a stray chapter in his novel, or to whip yonder scour for dace. The picnic party labours thirstfully up stream, on the look-out for shady alcoves or verdant sward, while occasionally an eight or a four will sweep by, looking more like business than pleasure, the regular pulse of their oars dying dreamily away in the distance. Some few are working like horses, and taking turns at towing from the bank; while many a snowy tent pitched artfully in the shade marks the bivouac of those who have gone out to "rough it," with all manner of delicacies and contrivances for comfort carried along with them. The bank anglers look down a bit scornfully at these intrusions on their domain of sport, and land their finny prey with an air of offended dignity as they sit within half of each other near some well-known "swim." Occasionally a gaily bedecked

barge, laden with music and revelry, will sweep majestically past, behind its team of labouring horses; or a Thames Conservancy yacht will appear on the scene like a schoolmaster, at whose approach undersized fish are cast aside, and marauding steamboats slacken their speed to twelve knots an hour. As we glide further down stream, craft thicken on all sides, and so onward into the tide-way at last.

Pollution by sewage and silting notwithstanding, the Thames, both in a piscatorial and navigable sense, has been vastly improved by recent regulations. If there are more fishermen than there were twenty years ago, a judicious system of preservation has proportionately increased their spoil; while more enlarged, and, it may be said, more enlightened, accommodation has everywhere sprung up to meet the views of those who still prefer the comfortably served meal and well aired sheets to the repast snatched in discomfort under the lea of a bank, and the sleep of the just sub jove when the night wind waxes "colder and damper still." New locks, new works, testify everywhere to the efforts made to "conserve" our national stream, and though progress may be tardy, or even unrecognisable, yet it should be remembered how Augrean in its nature was the task set before its projectors, and with what obstacles, both natural and purposely created, they have been met in their endeavours to deserve well of posterity.

In opening up new fields of recreation, on what may be termed the Briton's natural element, it must be admitted that the Conservators of the Thames have already deserved the thanks of the aquatic community. Rowing is not an expensive amusement, and might readily be made more a sport of the million than at present, under certain restrictions. Accidents of course will happen, through carelessness, ignorance, or sheer misadventure, but the sting might be taken out of the majority of these catastrophes (of which so many have been recently recorded), were rowing and sailing only permitted to be indulged in under certain regulations. With all our machinery of baths, with all our many safe river creeks and coast conveniences for sea-bathing, why should not the old Eton ukase of "swim before you boat" be rigidly enforced as a law of the land? People are rapidly losing their anti-washing prejudices, and though our grandfathers might stand aghast at the morning tub or evening plunge, mankind have been brought round to the belief in fresh air and fresh water as preservatives of health and life. With this tendency of the age towards ablation, why should not advantage be taken of it, not merely to assist its further development, but to supplement it by an enforced apprenticeship to the art of swimming? We are told of that Roman arm which conquered all the world that it

"First learnt, while tender, to subdue the wave;"

and the almost total immunity from accidents by flood at Eton should, we think, impress upon Government the advisability of instituting schools of swimming, by means of which habits of cleanliness would be encouraged along with the higher capabilities of preserving life. The idea may seem Utopian, and the expense of its carrying out to weigh immeasurably against the annual cost of a few lives; but we do not altogether despair of its adoption in time to come, now that utilitarianism is in the ascendant, and art and science are united in the cause of prolonging and rendering more enjoyable the course of human life.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

THE racing which took place since our last issue has not been of much importance, for neither at Windsor, Stockton, nor Oxford, has any event brought to issue thrown any light on the St. Leger, or served to point out the likely result of the Great Ebor Handicap, the only races that now occupy the attention of turf speculators. Indeed, market operations both at home and abroad are almost at a standstill, few of the usual *habitués* of the clubs or at Tattersalls being now in town, while a wail of distress comes across the Channel from Boulogne, where business has failed to follow the Edinburgh and Glasgow list-keepers who have made that pleasant watering-place their head-quarters since they were driven out of Scotland by the passing of the Betting Act which came into operation on the 1st of the current month. That such would be the case, they little anticipated, but the withdrawal of the tempting advertisements which appeared bi-weekly or oftener in the columns of the cheap sporting papers has with the increased postage put such a check on list betting that many of the proprietors of these houses must wish they had never migrated to the continent. But however unpleasant this state of things may be for those who have made the venture, the total extinguishing of these betting shops will be of incalculable benefit to the owners of horses, as it will prevent their being forestalled, and in the end cause the dispersion of the legion of touts and horse watchers who have so long infested most of the training grounds. Even the establishment of a newspaper in their interest, printed in both French and English, has failed to bring grist to the mill, its circulation in the United Kingdom being very limited, owing to a clause in the recent Act preventing the establishment of any agencies for its sale. To watch the turf market and give correct and unbiased reports of the "state of the odds" is one of the uses of the sporting press, which it is a pity to see abused as it has been recently, by the insertion of reports under the heading of "Latest Betting at Boulogne," which gives a list of prices to no fewer than thirty horses for the St. Leger, eighteen for the Great Ebor, three for the Cesarewitch, six for the Cambridgeshire, and five for the Middle Park Plate. I need hardly state that there is no public betting place at Boulogne, and to give such quotations is most unfair to the owners of horses engaged in the two great autumn handicaps, the weights for which have not yet been fixed.

Taking place, as it did, on the Thursday and Friday of last week, it was impossible to notice the August racing *réunion* at Royal Windsor in our last impression. The meeting, so far as concerned sport, was a success, but from the scant attendance it is questionable if the worthy lessee, Mr. Frail, benefited much by it, for had not several windfalls accrued to the race fund from sales, the expenditure would have considerably exceeded the receipts. The two-year-old racing was interesting, as the Maiden

Plate introduced us to Amazon, a very clever grey filly by Warrior, who won in a canter, thus proving that if her sire was only patronised as he ought to be with thoroughbred mares, he would soon hold a prominent place among the best sires of the day. Miss Alice, Lady Annie, a filly by Saunterer out of Amethyst, and six other smart youngsters, were opposed to her, but she never gave one of them a lead, and won by four lengths. In the Clewer Stakes, Lord Rosebery brought out Huntley, another good-looking son of the Palmer, who won very easily from Maitland and Bostington, making his third victory, as it may be remembered he won the Abingdon Stakes and another race at Abingdon early in July. In the Town All-aged Selling Stakes, the "talent" were dreadfully at fault, as they backed everything but the right one, which proved to be King Victor, who, it may be remembered, was bought by Mr. Herbert at the sale of Mr. Hope's horses in the July meeting at Newmarket. Phi, 4 yrs, in the Chilton stable, was made the favourite, 6 to 5 being betted on him, while 10 to 1 went a-begging against King Victor, who, entered to be sold for 50 sovereigns, made 215 guineas at auction, being bought by C. Blanton for Sir J. D. Astley. But for this gentleman he was subsequently not so fortunate, as he was beaten by Flower of the Vale, whom he had beaten on the previous afternoon. She was then giving him 7lb, but on the second occasion he gave her 3lb, making a difference of 10lb, which gave the filly an easy victory, and, entered to be sold for 150 guineas, she brought 215 guineas, and was taken by Mr. W. G. Stevens. The Parkhill Stakes was, as I anticipated, won by Mary White, her only opponent being Patrick, whom she beat easily. The races in which the elder horses contended fell to Puzzle, Rattle, Caro, Carlos, Lincoln, Snail, and Chilton Lass, but the horses they beat being nothing above plating form there is no occasion to further expatiate on their several performances. I may, however, state that Caro, entered to be sold for 100 guineas, made 250 guineas, and was taken by Mr. James Nightingale; and Chilton Lass, entered to be sold for 50 guineas, made 300 guineas, her purchaser being Mr. S. Myers. And thus the sales altogether realised for the lessee the good round sum of 317½ guineas.

Stockton, under the able and popular management of Mr. T. Craggs, has from very small beginnings become a meeting of great importance, and in the North now ranks only second to Doncaster and York. On the present occasion the attendance was much larger than on any previous anniversary, nearly twenty thousand people having paid the small toll levied for the benefit of the race fund on entering the Mandale Bottoms, wherein the course is situated, and the visitors must have been well satisfied with the sport provided for them. In the opening event, the Trial Stakes, Grand Flaneur, own brother to the shifty Digby Grand, showed that he inherited the wonderful speed of his grandsire Birdcatcher, as he cut down his seven opponents in a style seldom witnessed, and, entered to be sold for 500 guineas, was bought in for 710 guineas. This performance was a very great one, as he gave Louise of Lorne 9lb, and Watchword 19lb, while the smart youngster, Lady Clifton, could not serve him a turn getting 3st 10lb! Though beaten easily by a length, Louise of Lorne later in the afternoon gave Nella 2st and a 7lb beating besides for the Harry Fowler Stakes; and next day she was again successful for the Garbut Pedestrian Welter Handicap, carrying 11st, and giving her five opponents weight varying from 1st 7lb to 2st 7lb. Apology being held in reserve for her York engagements, it was, as I last week suggested it would be, a nice point between Whitehall and Sugarcane for the Zetland Biennial, the finish being a very close one, ending in the success of the former, who gave Sugarcane 2lb, by a head. Nor was I far wrong in anticipating the success of either Crusader or Roderick Dhu for the Stockton Tradesmen's Handicap, as the former was only beaten by Sweet Violet by a neck, and but for swerving on entering the straight would have won, while Roderick Dhu's chance was put out by little Chaloner's saddle slipping round, when he was unable to make the slightest effort with this very clever young horse. These *contretemps* gave the victory to Sweet Violet, one of the last of the Voltigeurs, who stays well, and was well steered by little Morgan, a rising Northern light-weight. The winner is trained by James Watson, at Richmond, and had evidently received a careful preparation. She had, however, done nothing in public to lead to the supposition that she was good enough to win this great race, having last season run twice unsuccessfully, while this year, carrying 5st 7lb, she finished behind Birthright, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb, and Boatswain, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb, for the Newcastle Handicap, one mile and a half, at Newcastle. To show the correctness of my opinion, Roderick Dhu and Crusader were the favourites at starting. Respecting the Great Northern Leger I wrote, "should Apology be sent, it is of course a 'moral' for her, and in her absence almost an equally good thing for Trent, as Organist is not likely to have yet recovered the severe race he had for the Cup at Goodwood." And this opinion was verified to the letter, as Trent won cleverly by half a length from Rostrevor, Organist being an indifferent third, with Whitehall next. The latter ran a good honest horse, but has nevertheless not improved anything since he ran in the Two-Thousand, for which Trent had the best of him, finishing fourth and beating him just as easily and as far as he did on this occasion. Nor should this fact, which shows what a true run race was the great Newmarket event, be lost sight of in estimating the chance of Atlantic for the St. Leger.

The two-year-old running in the Mandale Bottoms was of great interest and importance. And here I may quote the opinion I last week gave respecting the three principal races in which the youngsters contended: "For the Cleveland Stakes the horses which have most distinguished themselves are Veranger, by Voltigeur, the colt by Adventurer out of Gondola, and Mars, by Mandrake. The first-named divided the Bishop Burton Stakes after a dead heat with Zoroaster; the colt by Adventurer out of Gondola won the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle; and Mars beat Mr. Peel and another for the Eglinton Stakes, at Manchester. One of these will take this event unless beaten by Hieroglyphic, who is now in good work at Middleham. For the Hardwick Stakes, should Telescope be sent to the Tees side, the contest between him and The Holy Friar will test the merits of the Northern and Southern youngsters, but in any case I shall look for the success of the son of The Hermit, who is the most promising young sire of the day. The Zetland Biennial is also a gift to The Holy Friar." In these anticipations I was pretty correct, for Mars, notwithstanding being burdened with the heavy impost of 9st 2lb, ran second for the Cleveland Stakes to Equanimity, the high-bred daughter of Victorious and Merry and Wise, who, owing to taking all the allowances, only carried 8st 3lb. Hieroglyphic, carrying 8st 6lb, started the favourite with odds on him, but he failed to run up to the opinion formed of him at Ashgill. But I have little doubt from his good looks and fine action that he will see a better day, as he is not quite wound up; and the same remarks apply to the good-looking Marshal Saxe, a son of Le Maréchal, who has already distinguished himself at the stud. The finish of the Hardwick Stakes was reduced to a match between The Holy Friar and Telescope, the former of whom held a slight lead to the distance and won by a head, with evidently a good bit in hand. Telescope's performance must be regarded as an excellent one, when it is taken into account that he was giving the winner 5lb, but nevertheless I consider The Holy Friar to be the best youngster that has run so far this season, and is unquestionably a great feather in the cap of so young a sire as The Hermit. The "talent"

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The race came to a final termination as under:—

	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Vanessa	12	35	0	2	36	35
Penelope	12	50	10	2	41	60
Fleetwing	12	35	50	2	42	40
Playmato	12	41	20	2	54	13

The *Vanessa*, therefore, winning the 25-Guinea Cup.

HASTINGS REGATTA.

THIS annual regatta came off on Monday with the greatest success, the weather being all that could be desired, while there was just a pleasant breeze, without too much sea on. A large company assembled to witness the races, which was largely augmented by the excursion trains from London, which poured crowds of visitors into the town throughout the forenoon. The first race was for sailing boats open to Hastings and St. Leonards, for which there were eight entries, the *Petite Emme* being the only representative of St. Leonards, the remaining seven (Hastings boats) being the *Sappho*, *Albatross*, *Favourite*, *Psyche*, *Blue Gown*, *Brothers*, and *Little Wonder*. The *Little Wonder* got away almost at starting, and won easily after a two hours' sail over a not very distinguishable course; the *Brothers* being second; *Petite Emme* third; and *Favourite* fourth. The second race was for Amateur Sculls. The *Arrow*, W. Bodle, of Portslade, won easily by ten lengths; the *Cassandra*, Geo. Fenner, B.E.R.C., being second, two lengths ahead of the *Lizzie*, J. Hutchinson, Worthing, third. Seven boats started. The third race was for the Coastguard Four-oared Galleys, and produced one of the best races of the day, the Priory boat and the Pevensey coming in so close that the umpire gave it a dead heat between the two, though to us the Priory boat seemed to have about a yard the best of it at the finish. The Hastings Station boat was third, several lengths behind, and the Haddocks boat fourth, the Ecclesbourne and Kewhurst boats being fifth and sixth. The fourth race was for Pair-oared Skiffs, and resulted, as was generally expected, in the victory of the Brothers Weatherhead, of Folkestone, who came in fully ten lengths ahead of the Ramsgate pair, who got a long way behind all the rest about halfway over the course, but gradually picked up, owing principally to the steady rowing of J. Goldsmith, and came in second, a short distance ahead of the Hastings boat, third; the St. Leonard's boat, *Sea Gull*, being fourth. The fifth race was for Amateur Four-oared Galleys, for which five boats started out of the seven entered. The boats settled down into the order in which they finished, viz., the *Nellie* of Worthing, 1; *Excelsior*, B.E.R.C., 2; *Sunbeam*, H.A.R.C., 3; and *Cetonia*, 4; the *Water Lily*, St. L.R.C., giving up. The Worthing men rowed exceedingly pluckily, and won easily by eight lengths, but the usual foolish custom of not printing the names of the crews on the regatta card was followed, and naturally resulted in but little interest being taken in some of the races, just as a similar lack of interest would occur should the names of the actors in a play be unknown. We, however, with some difficulty, found out that the winning crew was composed of—Hutchinson, stroke; Davis, 2; W. Paine, 3; J. Paine, 4; Curwen, cox. Considering that the race was for amateurs, it is the more important that the names should be printed. For the sixth race, which was for sailing boats, open to Hastings and St. Leonards only, the winners of the previous sailing match being barred, only three boats started: though six were qualified. The *Favourite* (G. Dunn) came in first, the *Sappho* (S. Phileox), second, and *Blue Gown* (G. S.), third, all of them being Hastings boats. The next race for the Professional Four-oared Galleys, for a purse of £22, though in one sense the race of the day, lacked interest owing to its being a foregone conclusion. The Folkestone boat, *Comet*—O'Leary, stroke; Brothers Weatherhead, 2 and 3; Marshall, 1; Major, cox.—of course won, and that too by about 200 yards. The Ramsgate boat, *Cetonia*, was second, and the Hastings boat, *Sunbeam*, third, a still longer distance behind the Ramsgate boat. The eighth race was for Amateur Pairs and Skiffs, and resulted in the victory of the Worthing boat, *Belle*, rowed by Hutchinson and J. Paine, who just beat the Sandgate boat, *Petrel* (S. Brissenden and Fox), by about half a length. The Sandgate boat unfortunately was stopped by a pleasure boat, or the race must have been very close, if the Sandgate men had not have won. Another Worthing boat, *Scamp* (W. Paine and Davis), was third, two lengths behind the Sandgate boat. The *Victory*, B.E.R.C., was fourth. Only one name in each boat was printed on the card. The ninth race for the Professional Sculls' was an easy victory for O'Leary, of Folkestone, who rowed clean away from Hutchinson, of Hastings, and won by at least 100 yards. Hutchinson came in nearly as far ahead of J. Goldsmith, of Ramsgate; the position of F. G. Hatton, H.A.R.C., being best described as nowhere. A race for Amateur Junior Sculls, open to Hastings and St. Leonards men only who had never won a prize, won by A. Vidler, G. George being second, finished a good day's sport, in presence of probably the largest crowd Hastings has ever witnessed. Mr. A. Emary acted as secretary, Captain Picknell as starter, Mr. C. Breach as umpire, and Messrs. Bradnam and Chandler as referees. Owing to the wise regulation of the committee that every protest must be accompanied by a deposit of half a sovereign, there were no disputes. The prizes were distributed after the last race by Mrs. Gausden.

KING'S LYNN ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS regatta, which enjoys the patronage of the Prince of Wales, took place on Monday. The weather was beautifully fine, the wind blowing briskly from the north-west. The match was for the King's Lynn Challenge Cup, value 25 guineas, with 25 sovs. added, open to yachts belonging to any recognised yacht club. The course was from the entrance of the Lynn Dock, round the Well Light, turning by the course of Lynn Roads, a distance of 35 miles. The entries were—Mr. Waltham's *Peri*, Hessle; Captain Cator's *Ivy*, Hull; Mr. R. Gay's *Iris*, Lynn; Mr. G. Thomas's *Rambler*, Boston. The start was effected at 9.55. The *Rambler* went off with the lead, but was overhauled before they got out of the cut by the *Peri*, which was never afterwards caught. She rounded the Lynn Well at 1.25, and the *Ivy* was six minutes after. The *Peri* reached the winning post at 3.50; *Ivy*, 4.54; *Iris*, 4.9. The *Peri* was disqualified for taking a wrong course. The second match was for Lynn fishing boats, over the same course, and this was won by Mr. Bunn's Lynn *Nonpareil* in six hours five minutes.

MONKSTOWN (Co. CORK) REGATTA.

THIS, the second annual regatta, held under the auspices of the Munster Model Yacht Club, came off on Thursday (13th inst.), under most unfavourable circumstances. During the day deluging showers of rain fell at frequent intervals. Notwithstanding this, the attendance on the Promenade Quay was large and fashionable. The regatta may now be considered one of the established aquatic fixtures of the River Lee. We notice with great pleasure the introduction of a junior race for "fours," and it affords great satisfaction that so many as five crews entered for it, four of which competed. Within the last few years the scarcity of oarsmen on the River Lee has been becoming painfully manifest, a state of affairs entirely owing to the neglect of junior races at the various regattas held on the Lee. Although, however, the committee acted so well in providing this race, yet there

is an objection to the class of boat, as being now entirely out of date, and unsuited for teaching youngsters the art of rowing outriggers.

The band of the 8th Regiment performed on the quay during the day.

1ST RACE.—For yachts under 15 tons. The following yachts started:—*Carina*, 15 tons, W. Wheeler; *Zephyr*, 14 tons, J. Dawson; *Spell*, 13 tons, Col. Lloyd; *Julia*, 12 tons, G. H. T. Beamish; *Zephyr*, 8 tons, R. H. O'Brien. Mr. W. H. Crawford's *Geraldine* entered, but did not start.

The course was out Cork Harbour, rounding Daunt's Rock Lightship, back again and once round Monkstown Bay. Soon after the start all the yachts were lost to view behind the Lime Kiln Point, so that only a small portion of the race was visible to the spectators. The race was won by the *Carina*, no other yacht being in sight at the above-named point. Time 4h. 57min. 20sec.

2ND RACE.—For yachts under 18 feet long, belonging to members of the Munster Model Yacht Club. The following started:—*Madge*, R. H. Hardy; *Alne*, P. S. French; *Rondinella*, G. Goidanich; *Kathleen*, Major Longfield; *Swift*, J. D. Cahill; *Wildfire*, J. E. Russell; *Dicer*, W. Connor; *Volante*, R. Foley.

The course lay from the Club Quay to the Bar Rock Buoy, which was rounded on the port hand, and back again, and three times round Monkstown Bay. Before a good breeze all the model yachts went off at a spanking pace, and a good race ensued to the buoy, round which they passed in a regular swarm. The boats kept well together through the race, but eventually the *Alne* won, the *Violante* being second, and *Kathleen* third.

The 3rd and 4th races for sailing punts, and pair-oared punts, were unimportant.

5TH RACE.—For four-oared clinker-built practice boats (which may be outrigger fore-and-aft), to be rowed and steered by gentlemen amateurs under 18 years of age. The following competed:—

QUEENSTOWN CREW—Robinson, Loane, Loane, Goggin (stroke), H. Beatty (cox.).

MONKSTOWN CREW—Donovan, Goold, Hatton, Belton (stroke), Exham (cox.).

SUNDAY'S WELL CREW—Fitzgerald, Leonard, Brady, McNamara (stroke), W. H. Russell (cox.).

CORK HARBOUR ROWING CLUB—Murphy, Ledlie Murphy, H. Maguire (stroke), Daly (cox.).

The Queen's College Rowing Club were also entered, but did not start, as they could not obtain a boat of the requisite description.

At the start all the boats got off pretty evenly, Sunday's Well showing to the front, closely pressed by the C.H.R.C., who seemed determined to force the pace. After a quarter of a mile the Monkstown crew came to the front, and lead the Sunday's Well crew by a few feet. Sunday's Well here had to drop off, as one of the crew became unwell. The race was won by the Monkstown Crew, Queenstown being second.

6TH RACE.—For four-oared outriggers.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ROWING CLUB—F. H. Thompson, J. Rooney, D. Croby, H. Belcher (stroke), J. B. Lacy (cox.).

CORK HARBOUR ROWING CLUB—E. D. Day, F. W. Walker, J. Foley, W. Foley (stroke), R. Day (cox.).

CORK BOAT CLUB—J. Smithwick, D. Horgan, M. Downing, J. S. Moore (stroke), W. L. Burke (cox.).

The course was about one mile and a quarter in length, and extended from Rafeen to opposite the Club Quay. On the signal being given, the C.H.R.C. immediately took the lead, and before long were a clear length ahead. Behind the Q.C.R.C. and C.B.C. fought bravely on, the former gradually gaining on the C.B.C. During the first half-mile the C.H.R.C. kept the lead, but after that the long clear stroke of the college men began to tell, and before another quarter-mile was rowed the two crews were on even terms. The C.H.R.C. spurred again and again, but could not shake off their opponents, who making just a little extra effort drew clear. For the remainder of the race the boats held these positions, with the C.B.C., who rowed under the disadvantage of having to use a boat which they only sat in for the first time the previous evening, a few lengths behind. Considerable interest was attached to this race, as on two occasions this year the C.H.R.C. and Q.C.R.C. met each other, and on each with a different result.

We were sorry to notice that a pair-oared boat belonging to the C.H.R.C. was rowed for some time alongside the crew of its club, and the gentlemen in it coached their men, and also encouraged them by declaring that the college men were done up. Such a practice is clearly against the rules of rowing.

Regatta Fixtures.

AUGUST.

22. Saturday—Junior Thame; Matches
22. Saturday—Corinthian Yacht Club; Centre-board Matches
22 and 24. Saturday and Monday—Weymouth Regatta
29. Saturday—Royal Alfred; Closing Cruise
29. Saturday—Royal Ulster; Closing Cruise

SEPTEMBER.

12. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Match
26. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Centre-board Gigs
3. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Match
10. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Match
24. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Match

OCTOBER.

12. Saturday—Thames Sailing Club; Match

Rowing.

ROYAL THAMES REGATTA.

CONSIDERING the immense number of amateurs who devote themselves to rowing, it might reasonably be supposed that there would be no difficulty in providing the necessary funds for this great annual regatta. Such, however, is far from being the case, for though the universities, and two or three of the chief clubs on the river, subscribe liberally, many of the others hold entirely aloof, and there can be no doubt that the affair would have died of inanition some years ago, but for the indefatigable exertions of Messrs. Chambers, Goldie, Gulston, and two or three other ardent supporters of aquatics. These gentlemen took the matter in hand in 1868, when the old Thames Subscription Club had broken up, and there appeared to be no chance of a regatta taking place at all; and so well have they performed their self-imposed task that the Thames Regatta is now the chief meeting for professionals during the year. Of course still more could be done with additional subscriptions, and, as the Tyne men always play a prominent part at the regattas, some of the amateur clubs on that river would do well to contribute to the expenses, and other country clubs might do the same with great advantage to the sport.

The entries this year were scarcely so numerous as usual, nor were the finishes particularly exciting; but, to make amends for this, there were two or three pieces of very brilliant rowing, and the triumphs of the Thames men were naturally very popular with the majority of the spectators. For the third year in succession the Champion Fours fell to the Hammersmith crew, and they well deserved their victory, for we never saw finer rowing than they exhibited in both heats. Biffen set them a long, telling stroke, and the time was so perfectly kept that the boat looked far more like a pair than a four. The rule prohibiting a combination of North Sand with naturally spoilt the famous Tyne four, as Hepplewhite and Boyd had only a few days' practice before the race. Under these circumstances, the crew did quite

as well as could have been expected; but Winship's stroke, though very quick, was scarcely so effective as Biffen's, and, when the pinch came, the rowing was decidedly rugged. Of course the substitution of Sadler and Taylor for the two new recruits would make a very great difference to the boat, yet were the long-talked-of match between the rival fours to take place, they would unquestionably start favourites. In fact their performances last Saturday and Monday fairly surprised their warmest admirers, and are the more remarkable from the fact that three of the men are still "infants." A few days before the regatta, Sadler pluckily made up a Richmond four. They could not be expected to have any real chance, but they showed fine speed for part of the journey, though towards the finish the champion had the pleasure of pulling three passengers. The Champion Pairs was another triumph for the Thames, as Biffen and Thomas never gave Bagnall and Winship the remotest chance. As was the case in the Fours, the steering of the Northerners was sadly defective; but we doubt if this affected the actual result, for, after passing the Point, the young ones went right away, and paddled in at their leisure. After two such reverses, the hollow success of Boyd in the Sculls was very welcome to the Tynesiders. Boyd, though not yet twenty years of age, is an unusually powerful sculler. His style is by no means finished, but plenty of steady practice will doubtless effect great improvement in this respect, and he is likely to do credit to the North in many far more important contests. The races for the Coat, Badge, and Freedom, as usual excited the greatest amount of local interest, and the easy victory of W. Phelps seemed to give universal satisfaction, as he is one of the amiablest family, whose name is "familiar as household words" at Putney. The river was very crowded on both days; but, by dint of tremendous exertions, Mr. Lord and the river police secured a clear course for every race, and it is a noteworthy fact that there was not a single foul from first to last.

The *Results* were as follows:—

CHAMPION FOURE.—£100, £20, and £5.

FIRST HEAT.

Hammersmith	1. T. Green.	3. J. Anderson.
	2. H. Thomas.	4. W. Biffen.
	G. Holder (cox.).	
Richmond	1. H. Messum.	3. J. Mackinney.
	2. J. Coxen.	4. J. H. Sadler.
	R. Conor (cox.).	
Putney	1. C. Gibson.	3. J. T. Phelps.
	2. T. Robinson.	4. F. Phelps.
	W. Gibson (cox.).	

SECOND HEAT.

Newcastle	1. R. Hepworth.	3. R. Bagnall.
	2. R. Boyd.	4. T. Winship.
	A. Bramwell (cox.).	
		FIRST HEAT.
		SCULLS.—£25, £10, and £5.

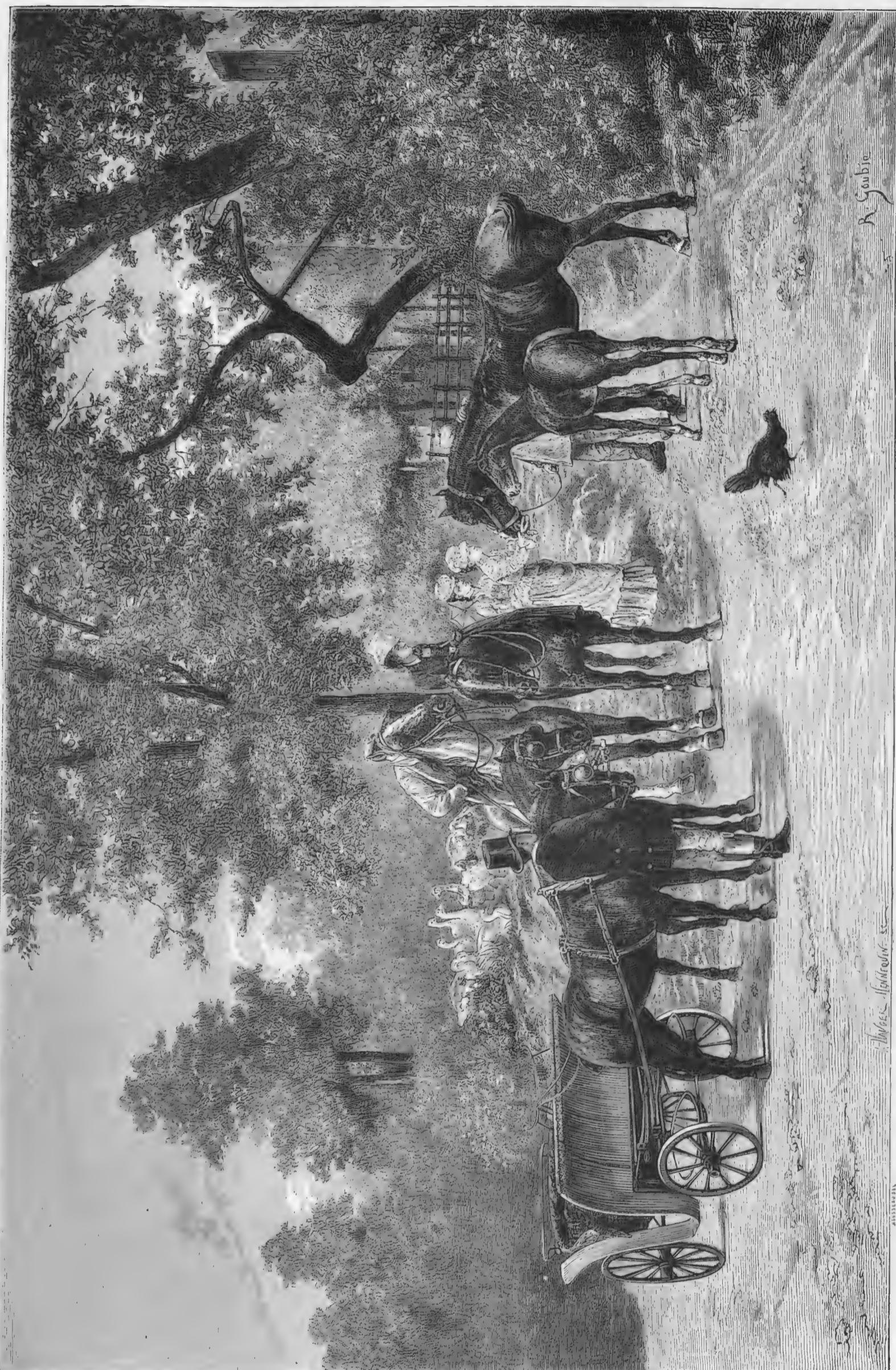
FIRST HEAT.

J. Anderson, Hammersmith	1.
C. Wickard, Lea-bridge	2.
J. T. Phelps, Putney	dr.
W. Morris, Putney	0

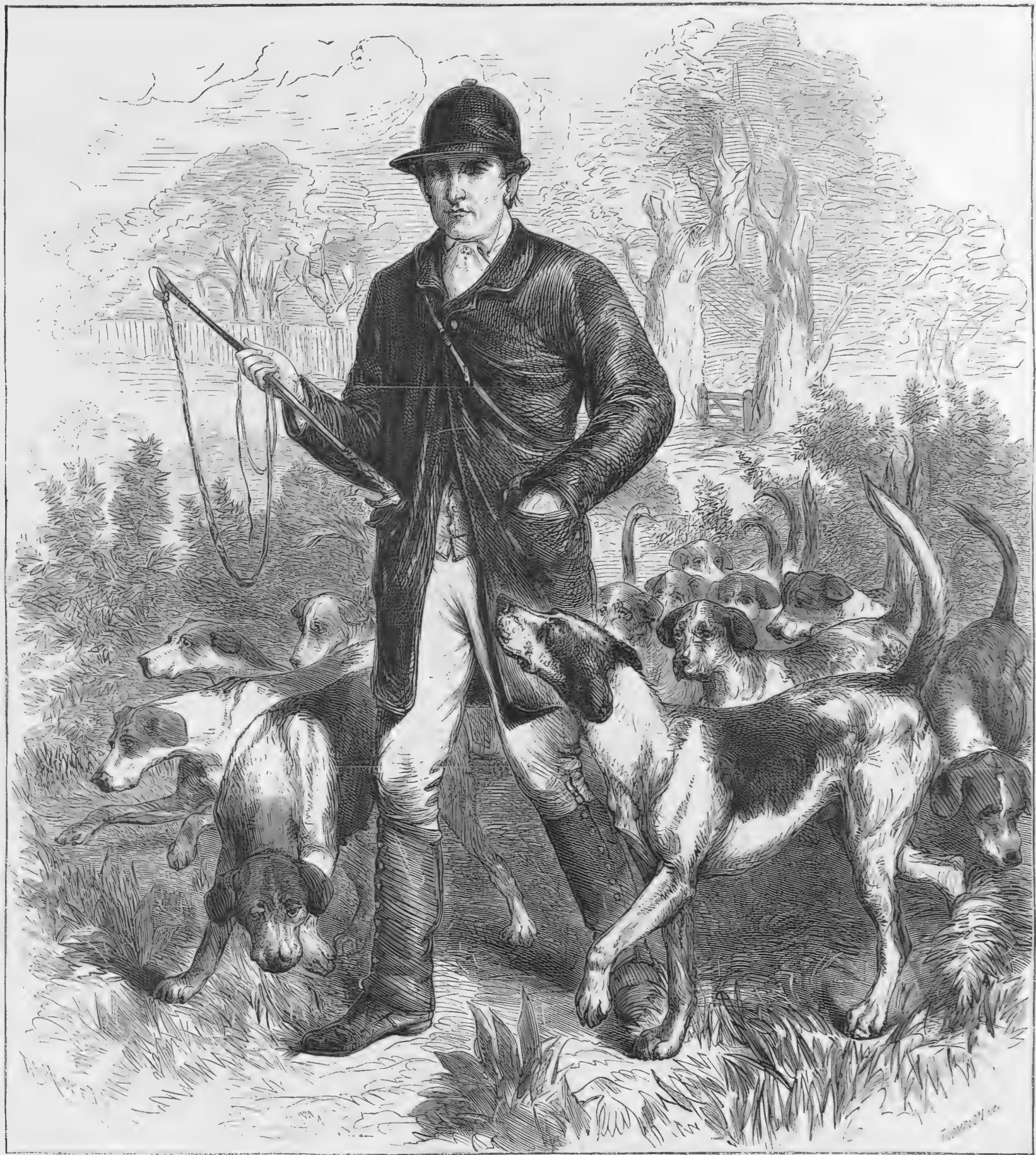
SECOND HEAT.

R. W. Boyd, Newcastle	1.

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“NOUS AIMONS TANT CES BÈTES-LÀ !”
(From the Picture in the French Academy by R. Goukie.)



OUT FOR AN AIRING.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.
BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE already given an account of an Epping Hunt, and I must now record a stag hunt that took place in Cheshire in 1837, and which was communicated to me by the principal actor in it, the late Sir Charles Shakerley, than whom a kinder man never existed. The worthy Baronet, then Mr. Shakerley, who was a master of hounds, had promised his friends and the public in general a grand day's sport upon Easter Monday. The day arrived, and a more unpropitious morning never dawned. Despite, however, of the stormy state of the weather, shortly after ten o'clock, a numerous assemblage of equestrians and pedestrians assembled at Somerford Park, the place of meeting. The Hall, where Mr. Shakerley kept open house, was that morning a scene of great festivity; a formidable number of the followers of Nimrod had assembled by the breakfast table, and, after doing ample justice to that social meal, proceeded to the "meet." How gay was the scene that there met the eye! Red coats by dozens, while a line of carriages, filled with the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood, added greatly to the general effect. I will not pause to give an account of the various sportsmen, which were beyond all classification, the manufacturing towns and the county having added their quota to the general rendezvous. At eleven o'clock the arrival of the master of the hounds, with his numerous retinue, attracted all attention; and after paying his respects to his friends and neighbours, the deer cart, with a platform in front, was drawn up, and by his orders the assembled crowd was kept back, and a large clear space left open between the platform and the anxious throng. The sportsmen had thrown their cigars away, the spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, the countrymen were

gaping with eagerness, when the hospitable owner of Somerford Hall rode up, and, apparently, gave the word to unearth the deer. The door was opened, when instead of the "antlered monarch of the forest" bounding out, the motley hero of a travelling circus appeared, throwing a somersault, and indulging in the usual jocosities of the ring. Mr. Merryman opened his mouth from ear to ear, put his tongue out, inverted his eyes, turned his toes in, and with that voice peculiar to clowns or grotesques, as they are now termed, exclaimed, "Ah, ye bucks! ye all hunt deers well; ain't I a pretty dear? perhaps not the deer ye expected. I know all of you have your own choice of game. There are in the world fame hunters, love hunters, fortune hunters, and fool hunters. Well, I'm the fool; whoever follows me will have a foolish race. Ye laugh; fools are easy made to laugh, that's the reason I laugh. Ha! ha! ha!" Shakerley then ordered in the clown's horse, which he mounted, following the master of the hounds wherever he went. The grins, the shouts, the jeers, the laughter, the taunts that followed this absurdity, can be better conceived than described. To say that the pedestrians enjoyed the jest is to say nothing, they were uproarious with glee; some of the elder sportsmen, who did not approve of practical jokes, shook their heads, and were about to retire, when the master of the hounds rode up to the cart, and at his order a door at the back opened, and away sprang a noble deer; a shout of joy escaped the horsemen. "Bravo, bravo!" shouted the crowd. "Hold hard, gentlemen," exclaimed the huntsmen. In a quarter of an hour the hounds were laid on, and a brilliant day's sport was the result. Nor were the foot people disposed to complain, Mr. Merryman having during the space of five-and-thirty minutes thrown four-and-twenty somersaults, balanced a table on his chin, and two tobacco pipes on his nose, sung "Hot codlins," winding up the morning's entertainment by standing

upon his head, and in this antipodean attitude warbling forth "The Life of a Clown," with an *obligato* accompaniment, made by knocking the soles of his feet together.

There are few finer sights in the world than the hunting establishments at Melton. This was written some forty years ago, but it is as applicable, if not more so, to the present day as it was to the period I write of. Hospitality shone pre-eminently forth; there was not a day during my *séjour* there for a fortnight that I did not receive most kind and pressing invitations to dinner, and as for the mounts I was offered, enough to have gone through the whole season. Being a guest of the late Sir William Massey Stanley at his club, I made it a point never to dine out except accompanied by my host, and this we did upon occasion at the old club. Of the riders that I well remember, I will merely offer a brief description. "There is nobody better than Lord Wilton," every man will tell you that knows anything of Leicestershire, and certainly for judgment, seat, quickness, and good nerve, the noble Earl stood pre-eminent. Lord Gardner could not be beaten—he went like a bird, and few men saw more runs. Gilmore was and is the Crichton of heavy-weights; it was a wonderful sight to see the place he held during a good run. Colonel Wyndham, late of the Greys, surprised the hunting world over the fields of Leicestershire, as did his gallant corps surprise Napoleon I. at Waterloo, who was heard to exclaim, "Ah que les chevaux gris sont terribles." Captain Oliver, late of the Blues, could not, figuratively at least, be placed among the "heavies" with the Quorn; he went to work in the right form, uniting courage, judgment, and strength. His brother, then in the Army, disproved the usual fallacious statement that military men cannot ride to hounds. If I required proofs that soldiers can ride, I should find it in the persons of the late Earl of Cardigan, Lords Macdonald, W. Beresford, Gifford, Sir David Baird, Hons. Augustus Berkeley and

Charles Forester, Messrs. Lovell, Vyse, Francis Berkeley, now Lord Fitzhardinge. Lord Howth, father of the present Earl, was one of the neatest and best riders over the country I ever saw, and was always in the first rank. Sir David Baird could ride a bad horse better than any other man in the United Kingdom; his nerve was wonderfully good. Messrs. Leslie brothers were well mounted, and were daily winning fresh laurels. Count Bathyan was truly popular in Leicestershire, as he is everywhere, and nothing could exceed his love and ardour for the chase. Lord Archibald Seymour was a thoroughbred sportsman, and, being well-mounted, did the thing in quite the correct form. Lord Rancliffe, the prince of light-weights, went as well as he did in the year 1815, when, during the Congress of Vienna, he was always one of the first with the then Ambassador's (the late Lord Londonderry) foxhounds. Mr. Greene, of Rolleston, was as good a man as ever rode across Leicestershire. Lord Cranbourne was an enthusiastic lover of the "noble science." Mr. Geary, who had lately come out, proved himself one of the best men of the day. Mr. Oliver Massey was always in a good place, and saw as many runs as any other Meltonian. Sir James Musgrave, though last on my list, is undoubtedly not least in the estimation of every one who knows what a thoroughbred sportsman is. His health was suffering so much when I last saw him with the Quorn that he soon afterwards gave up hunting. Mr. Stubbs, the only one left of those I met at Milton, was, with the exception of Lord Wilton, an undeniably good one with the hounds. I once saw him turn out of a road over the steepest gate I have ever come across; the hounds were not running, and the feat arose from a question as to whether the horse he rode was a good timber jumper. There were a variety of other first-rate riders in Leicestershire, whom I have not space to enumerate, and from all accounts the men of the present day have not degenerated. Although I have seen a great deal of sport, in early life I had little opportunity of riding over a stiff country, as most parts of Sussex are open; so when I found myself at Melton, although well mounted, I despaired of ever seeing a run; all I hoped to do was to follow at a respectful distance some quiet farmer who knew the country. My first day with the Quorn was most propitious. John O'Gaunt's gorse was first tried; a fox stole away, and was hit off for a field or two, but lost near Lowesby. To Billesdon Coplow, where we found "Reynard at home," to Quenby Hall in double quick time, then to the right between Newton and Tilton, left Lowesby on the left, and away with a burning scent for Twyford, thence to South Croxton, and nearly to Baskby; doubled for Beeby, and then to Boggrove Hall, and was finally killed in the village of Hungarton, distance at least fourteen miles—time one hour and eight minutes. My next day was with the Cottesmore, who met at Leesthorpe, only three miles from Melton. After trying Buttermilk Hills, and finding the punch bowl empty, Colonel Lowther gave the word for Ranksborough; a fine fox was speedily unkenelled, and led us off, railway pace, for the covers we had before tried; then made for Burton Layars, crossed the Whissendine, where the courage of many was considerably damped, and among others (to my shame be it spoken) I found myself stopped by this Rubicon. Ignorant of the country, I knew not where the wily animal directed his course; but after a "home circuit" of twenty minutes, he again crossed the river, giving the tailors another opportunity. A short breathing time, and away to Cold Orton, from thence to Ashby pastures, where he tried what stuff men and horses were made of. In two hours and a half from the time we found, a chosen nine found themselves at Burton, where from a humane consideration both to the bipeds and quadrupeds, the pack was stopped. Colonel Lowther, Lord Wilton, Sir David Baird, the huntsmen, the whippers-in, two yeomen, and a farmer, went the whole run, and showed some splendid riding. "Upon their own merits modest men are dumb." All I will then say of myself is that, following the above-mentioned farmer, I saw part of the run, thanks to a second horse which I mounted after my ardour was checked at the yawning brook. During two winters, I hunted from Leamington, and in the days I write of, nothing could be more delightful than a winter at this fashionable Spa. The Warwickshire country was not then divided, and under their truly popular master, Mr. Thornhill, the old Warwickshire hounds showed much sport. In addition to this pack, we could often hunt with the Pytchley and the Berkeley hounds; so there was no lack of hunting. Concerts, dinners, balls, and amateur theatricals, filled up the evenings, and there never was a gayer place than Leamington was (and, I am happy to say, still is). For the last two years, I have passed a few days with an old friend who is an excellent soldier and a first-rate sportsman, General Richmond Jones, and I now hear from him that the Warwickshire hounds keep up their prestige; nay, so luxurious are the Nimrods grown that special trains are engaged to convey huntsmen, whippers-in, hounds, and sportsmen, to the place of meeting. This is an improvement on a long ride or drive to Woodford Wood, Mitford Bridge, or Dunchurch.

Races Past.

STREATHAM MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

MONDAY, August 17.—The SUBURBAN STAKES (welter handicap) of 5 sovs each for runners, with 50 added; winners extra. Five furlongs.

Mr. W. F. Watson's ch f Faerie, by Blair Athol—Fayaway, 3 yrs, 9st..... G. Lowe 1
Mr. T. Stevens's Semprestress, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb..... C. Payne 2
Mr. S. Savage's Framboise, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb..... Mr. A. Yates 3
Mr. Perkins's Vanish, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb..... Potter 0
Lord M. Beresford's Caramel, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb..... J. Jones 0
Mr. J. Nightingall's Tramp, 3 yrs, 9st..... Duffin 0
Mr. J. Bambridge's Bronze Saunterer, 3 yrs, 9st..... Mordan 0
Betting: 3 to 1 agst Caramel, 4 to 1 agst Faerie, 5 to 1 agst Bronze Saunterer, and 6 to 1 each agst Semprestress and Framboise.

After some delay Faerie got away slightly in front of Bronze Saunterer, Framboise, and Caramel, with Tramp in the rear, into the Dip, where Bronze Saunterer retired. At the distance, Semprestress came with a rush, but could never overhaul Faerie, who won easily by a length and a half; a neck between second and third. Caramel was fourth, Tramp fifth, and Bronze Saunterer last.

The MITCHAM STAKES (handicap) of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 30 added; winners extra; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. W. Brooks's b f Energetic, by Lord Lyon—Perseverance, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb..... Barlow 1
Mr. W. Burton's Wilful, aged, 7st 10lb..... Puncher 2
Mr. G. Masterman's Lord Darnley, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb..... Loates 3
Mr. Trimmer's Miss Roland, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb..... Mordan 0
Mr. J. Lowe's Country Lass, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb..... Martin 0

Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Miss Roland and Lord Darnley, 3 to 1 agst Energetic, and 4 to 1 agst Country Lass.

Energetic held a clear lead all the way, and won in a canter by three lengths, a head separating second and third; Country Lass was left at the post. The winner was sold to Mr. Burton for 80 guineas, and Lord Darnley was purchased by Mr. Rhodes for 41 guineas.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs, if for 100 allowed 7lb; winners 5lb extra. Five furlongs. 5 subs.

Mr. C. M. Kennedy's ch f Flower of the Vale, by Lord of the Isles—Lady Ann, 9st (£200)..... Mordan 1
Mr. H. Wright's Delver, 8st 5lb (£100)..... Crowther 2
Mr. T. Stevens's Réveillée, 8st 7lb (£100)..... C. Payne 3

Betting: 5 to 1 on Flower of the Vale, who made play throughout, and won by four lengths; a bad third. The winner was not sold.

A SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. Five furlongs. 6 subs.

Mr. W. Reeves's b c Carlos, by Hosopdar—Carlotta, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (£30)..... Weedon 1
Mr. T. Stevens's, jun., Phi, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100)..... C. Payne 2
Mr. J. Lowe's Country Lass, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (£30)..... Martin 3
Mr. G. A. Templer's Stornoway, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb (£250)..... Mordan 4
Mr. Clark's b f by Skirmisher—La Méchante, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (car 6st 11lb) (£30)..... Giles 5

Betting: 5 to 4 on Phi, 5 to 1 each agst Country Lass and Carlos, and 6 to 1 agst Stornoway.

After one or two breaks away Phi got away with a slight lead of Country Lass, with Carlos lying well up till reaching the distance. The three placed then joined, and Carlos, staying longer than the other pair, won by a length, half which distance separated second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Shurmer for 58 guineas.

The OPEN HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 40 added; winners extra. About one mile and three-quarters, over seven hurdles.

Mr. J. Percival's Caro, by Dollar—Carlotta, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb..... R. I'Anson 1

Mr. A. Poole's Lady Kew, aged, 11st 7lb..... Mr. Shepherd 1

Mr. J. Davis's Fury, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb..... Lynham 3

Mr. George's Underhill, aged, 11st 5lb..... Jones 4

Betting: 6 to 5 on Caro, 5 to 2 agst Lady Kew, and 5 to 1 agst Fury.

Caro was first off, but was soon pulled back, and Lady Kew took a clear lead of Underhill, with Fury lying last for a mile, when Caro became the attendant on Lady Kew, the pair coming right away. Approaching the last hurdles Caro began to draw up to the leader, and, after a splendid struggle, he got up in the last few strides and won by a head; a very bad third.

SECOND DAY.

TUESDAY, August 18.—A HURDLE RACE HANDICAP PLATE of 40 sovs; winners extra. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

Mr. A. Poole's br m Lady Kew, by Vedette—Ethel, aged, 11st 7lb..... Mr. R. Shepherd 1

Mr. R. Davey's b c Frank, 4 yrs, 12st..... Levett 2

Mr. A. Yates's b h Cranbrooke, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb..... Mr. Barnes 0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Frank, 7 to 4 agst Lady Kew, and 10 to 1 agst Cranbrooke.

Lady Kew went away with the lead, and Cranbrooke refusing the first fence was pulled up. The favourite and Lady Kew then raced home, the last named winning easily by four lengths.

The COMMITTEE STAKES (handicap) of 5 sovs each, with 30 added; winners extra; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. About six furlongs. 5 subs.

Mr. W. Green's b g Sarcolite, by Satellite—Kiss, aged, 8st 2lb..... A. May 1

Mr. Barnes's b f Victor Jane, 3 yrs, 7st (car 7st 2lb)..... Barlow 2

Mr. A. Yates's b h Cranbrooke, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb..... G. Osborne 3

Mr. T. Stevens's, jun., Phi, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb..... C. Payne 0

Mr. W. Burton's Drumtassie, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb..... Puncher 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Sarcolite, 3 to 1 agst Phi, 7 to 2 agst Drumtassie, 10 to 1 agst Victor Jane, and 10 to 1 agst Cranbrooke.

A long delay took place at the post, but on getting away Victor Jane made the running, closely followed by Sarcolite and Cranbrooke. They ran thus to the distance, where Sarcolite drew out, and won by a length, four lengths between the second and third; Phi was fourth, and Drumtassie last. Sarcolite was sold to Mr. A. Yates for 67 guineas. C. Payne, A. May, and Barlow were fined £5 each for disobedience at the post.

The STAND PLATE (handicap) of 50 sovs; winners extra. About five furlongs.

Mr. S. Savage's b m Framboise, by Cobnut—Fragola, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb..... G. Lowe 1

Mr. T. Stevens's b f Semprestress, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb..... C. Payne 2

Mr. Perkins's b g Vanish, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb..... Loates 3

Mr. Burton's Energetic, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (inc 7lb extra)..... Barlow 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Semprestress, 7 to 4 agst Framboise, and 6 to 1 each agst Vanish and Energetic.

Energetic made play for half the distance, when she was passed by Framboise and Vanish, the former winning a good race by a length; four lengths dividing the second and third.

The JUVENILE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs, if for 50, allowed 5lb; maidens 5lb. Five furlongs.

Mr. H. Wright's ch c Delver, by The Miner—Lady Durham, 8st 7lb (£50)..... Crowther 1

Mr. Greenwood's ch c Sans Souci, 8st 2lb (£50)..... Sandever 2

Mr. Mannington's f by St. Albans—Geoffrey's dam, 7st 13lb (£50)..... Wass 3

Mr. T. Stevens's Réveillée, 8st 4lb (£50)..... C. Payne 0

Mr. E. Monk's Lintel, 8st 2lb (£50)..... Barlow 0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Delver, 3 to 1 each agst Sans Souci and Geoffrey's dam filly, and 5 to 1 agst any other.

Réveillée led for two furlongs, when she gave way to the favourite and Sans Souci, who were joined at the distance by Geoffrey's dam filly. A good race home took place, but Delver won cleverly by a neck; the same distance between second and third. Réveillée was fourth, and Lintel last. The winner was bought in for 108 gs.

The SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs; winners extra; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

Mr. Jas. Nightingall's b m Croisade, by Monarque—Vivid, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb..... R. I'Anson 1

Lord M. Beresford's br h Bob, aged, 11st 7lb..... Jones 2

Mr. Drax's b f Soldier's Daughter, 4 yrs, 11st..... C. Smith 0

Mr. W. Burton's Wilful, aged, 11st 5lb..... Cassidy disq.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Croisade, 3 to 1 agst Wilful, and 10 to 1 agst Bob.

Bob made the running until half a mile from home, when he was joined by Croisade, and a good race took place into the straight. Here Wilful drew up on the whip hand, and, catching the others opposite the stand, won by a neck; a like distance between second and third. I'Anson objected to the winner on the ground of a cannon, and the race was awarded to Croisade, but we hear that Mr. Burton intends to appeal against this decision. Mr. Burton claimed Bob, and Lord Marcus Beresford Wilful.

The NORDBY HANDICAP was declared void.

STOCKTON MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, August 18.—The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds and upwards; weight for age, selling allowances. Five furlongs. 10 subs.

Mr. H. Bragg's br c Grand Flaneur, by Saunterer—Miss Digby, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb (£500)..... J. Osborne 1

Mr. W. Nicholl's b m Louise of Lorne, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb (£500)..... J. Snowdon 2

Mr. J. Nightingall's b m Croisade, by Monarque—Vivid, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb..... R. I'Anson 1

Lord M. Beresford's br h Bob, aged, 11st 7lb..... Jones 2

Mr. Drax's b f Soldier's Daughter, 4 yrs, 11st..... C. Smith 0

Mr. W. Burton's Wilful, aged, 11st 5lb..... Cassidy disq.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Croisade, 3 to 1 agst Wilful, and 10 to 1 agst Bob.

Bob made the running until half a mile from home, when he was joined by Croisade, and a good race took place into the straight. Here Wilful drew up on the whip hand, and, catching the others opposite the stand, won by a neck; a like distance between second and third. I'Anson objected to the winner on the ground of a cannon, and the race was awarded to Croisade, but we hear that Mr. Burton intends to appeal against this decision. Mr. Burton claimed Bob, and Lord Marcus Beresford Wilful.

The NORDBY HANDICAP was declared void.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—The LAMBITON STAKES, of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 7lb; winners extra; the second received 15 sovs out of the stakes. Five furlongs. 12 subs.

Mr. R. Howett's b f Lady Clifton, by Distin—Nell Gwynne, 8st 7lb..... Cook 1

Mr. John Watson's b c Earlston, 8st 3lb (in 7lb extra) T. Chaloner 2

Mr. F. Bell's Georgina, 8st..... Notton 3

Betting: 5 to 2 on Earlston, 3 to 1 agst Lady Clifton, and 10 to 1 agst Georgina.

A couple of failures preceded the actual start, of which Earlston got the best, but soon gave way to Georgina, who had a fair lead to the bend into the straight, when she ran wide, and Lady Clifton coming on in front of the favourite, won cleverly by three-quarters of a length; bad third.

The GARBUZZ PEDESTRIAN WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; winners extra.

T.Y.C., from the Red Post (6 furlongs).

Mr. W. Nicholl's b m Louise of Lorne, by Victorious—Florence Aslaby, 5 yrs, 11st..... Griffiths 1

Mr. Ridley's Blue Rock, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb..... Bruckshaw 2

Mr. W. R. Marshall's Clyde, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb..... J. Osborne 3

Mr. T. Caperton's Curator, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb..... Platt 0

Mr. H. F. Vyner's Camarilla, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb..... Mr. G. S. Thompson 0

Mr. Rawcliff's Lambkin, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb..... Mr. Halliday 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Clyde, 3 to 1 agst Louise of Lorne, 6 to 1 agst Blue Rock, and 7 to 1 each agst Camarilla and Curator.

The HARDWICKE STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb; penalties and allowances; the second received 25 sovs. T.Y.C. (from the Red Post). 61 subs.

Mr. Launde's ch c Holy Friar, by Hermit—Thorsday, 9st (inc. 7lb extra) J. Osborne 1
Capt. Machell's b c Telescope, 9st 5lb (inc. 9lb. extra) Jewitt 2
Mr. Bowes's ch f Equanimity, 8st 13lb (inc. 7lb extra) T. Chaloner 3
Mr. R. Chilton's c by Miner—Rosamond, 9st 11lb (inc. 5lb extra) W. Platt 0
Mr. T. Dawson's Allan-a-Dale, 8st 9lb Griffiths 0
Mr. T. Hewett's Broughton, 8st 4lb Bruckshaw 0
Mr. J. M. Jennings's Kadmos, 8st 10lb Snowdon 0
Mr. Howett's Merry Bells, 7st 12lb G. Cooke 0
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Holy Friar, 3 to 1 agst Telescope, 100 to 30 agst Merry Bells, and 100 to 8 agst any other.

An even start was effected at the second attempt, Rosamond colt making play just in front of Allan-a-Dale, while Holy Friar succeeded in advance of Kadmos and Telescope. Merry Bells and Equanimity got off together, but Equanimity immediately cannoned against Merry Bells, and knocking the latter out of her stride, she dropped back into the rear. The Rosamond colt held his lead into the straight, when he was beaten, and Telescope took up the running, followed by Holy Friar, the favourite taking the lead at the distance, and winning, after a good race, by a short head; Equanimity was a bad third. The Rosamond colt was fourth, with Merry Bells fifth, Kadmos sixth, and Broughton last.

The THORNABY SELLING STAKES of 3 sovs each, with 50 added, for two and three-year-olds; weight for age, with selling allowances. Five furlongs.

Mr. Beaumont's b c by Bonnyfield—Sycce, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb (£30) Mills 1
Capt. Dove's b f Miss Papillon, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (£30) G. Cooke 2
Mr. Newton's Curfure, 3 yrs, 8st 11b (£30) Bruckshaw 3
Mr. Holmes's Emmeline, 3 yrs, 8st 11b (£30) Ralton 4
Mr. Shaw's Lamplighter, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (£30) Griffiths 0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Sycce colt, and 4 to 1 each agst Miss Papillon and Emmeline.

Miss Papillon made play, followed by Curfure and Emmeline, with Lamplighter last into the straight, when the Sycce colt, who had been lying handy, went to the front, and won easily by length; bad third. Emmeline was fourth, and Lamplighter last. The winner was bought in for 220 gs.

The WYNARD HANDICAP of 70 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each: winners extra; second received 10 sovs out of the stakes.

T.Y.C. (6 furlongs, from the Red Post). 14 subs.

Mr. R. N. Batt's ch f Nella, by Adventurer—Lady Trespass, 3 yrs, 6st Mills 1
Mr. Vyner's b m Azalea, 6 yrs, 7st 8lb Mr. G. S. Thompson 2

Mr. J. H. Taplin's f by Scottish Chief—Barbatula, 3 yrs, 6st (inc. 7lb extra) Thompson 3

Mr. W. Sanderson's Shylocks, 4 yrs, 8st Griffiths 0

Mr. Hornastle's Result, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb Suggett 0

Mr. S. Francis's Elaine, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb Macdonald 0

Mr. T. Melville's Bulfinch, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb Morgan 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Azalea, 7 to 2 agst Shylocks, 4 to 1 agst Nella, 100 to 15 agst Barbatula filly, and 10 to 1 agst Bulfinch.

Azalea jumped off in front, followed by Nella and the Barbatula filly, with Shylocks last, into the straight, when Nella took the lead and won very easily by two lengths. One length divided second and third, and a like distance the third and fourth, Bulfinch being placed in the latter position, with Elaine fifth and Shylocks last all the way.

OXFORD MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, August 18.—The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; winners extra. Three-quarters of a mile, straight.

Mr. Gomm's b f Mystery, by Trumpeter—Charade, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb, Glover 1
Mr. R. Pattinson's Albanus, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb T. Cannon 2
Mr. Gomm's Marvelous, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb J. Goater 3
Lord Bradford's Black Knight, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb Archer 4

Mr. Gomm declared to win with Marvelous.

Betting: 6 to 4 on Marvelous, 4 to 1 agst Albanus, 9 to 2 agst Black Knight, and 100 to 8 agst Mystery.

Black Knight, on the right, showed the way to Albanus and Marvelous, with Mystery lying off, till two distances from home, where the leader gave way, and Albanus having the favourite in trouble soon after, Mystery dashed up, and getting the best of it in the last three strides, won a good race by a head; a bad third.

The MIDDLETON TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb; winners extra. Half a mile.

Mr. J. Dover's b f Mary White, by Brown Bread—Fenella, 8st 4lb, F. Crickmore 1
Sir W. A. Lethbridge's b f Reformation, 8st 2lb Mordan 1
Sir W. F. Wood's b f by King Tom—Quadrille's dam, 8st 4lb, Constable 1

Lord Ailesbury's ch c Temple Bar, 8st 5lb Glover 0
Mr. J. Barnard's Huntingdon, 8st 2lb Wyant 0

Mr. J. Cave's Carpet Slipper, 8st 7lb F. Archer 0
Mr. Chaplin's Brenda, 7st 13lb J. Jeffery 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Carnation, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) Cannon 0
Mr. F. Fisher's c by Orest—Formosa, 8st 2lb W. Clay 0

Mr. H. Goater's Mayfair, 8st 7lb Huxtable 0
Mr. Gomm's b c Vienna, 8st 5lb Goater 0

Mr. Mildmay's gr f Amazon, 8st 4lb Butler 0
Mr. R. Peck's Bonny Blue Eye, 8st 7lb Hopper 0

Mr. Winchfield's Widewake, 8st 2lb Giles 0

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Brenda, 100 to 15 agst Bonny Blue Eye, 7 to 1 each agst Huntingdon, and Mayfair, 8 to 1 each agst Carnation and Mary White, 10 to 1 agst Quadrille's dam filly, and 100 to 1 agst Formosa colt and Amazon.

Mayfair, in the centre of the course, made play, followed by Mary White and Huntingdon, the three being clear of Reformation, with Brenda, who got badly away, on the left. This order was maintained to the distance, where the leader gave way, and Mary White, being left in front, won a fine race by a neck. Reformation and the Quadrille's dam filly running a dead heat for second place; Huntingdon was close up, fourth, Mayfair fifth, and Temple Bar sixth, a long way in front of Formosa colt and Brenda, with Vienna last.

The ISIS SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each for starters, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; colts 9st, fillies and geldings 8st 10lb; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs, if for 50 allowed 7lb. Half a mile, straight.

Mr. H. Chaplin's b f Astraliamante, by Beadsman—Asterope, 8st 3lb (£30) Wyant 0

Mr. E. Brayley's Pommel, 8st 3lb (£30) Mordan 1
Mr. W. G. Stevens's Product, 8st 3lb (£30) Constable 3

Mr. T. Stevens's Flash, 8st 2lb (£30) Huxtable 0

Mr. C. D. Hay's b c Barleycorn, by Cecrops—Elegance, 8st 7lb (£30) Barker 0

Mr. R. Pattinson's f by Caterer—Creole, 8st 3lb (£30) Wyant 0

Mr. T. Narburgh's Staffordshire Knot, 8st 7lb (£30) Archer 0

Mr. Crawford's Cocotte, 8st 3lb (£30) Glover 0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Astraliamante, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

The favourite, in the centre, cut out the work, attended on the right by Flash and Pommel, and on the left by Creole filly, till opposite the inclosure, where Pommel got up, and in the last three strides managed to make a dead heat of it; a head between second and third; Creole filly was close up fourth, and Flash last. Astraliamante was bought in for 220 guineas.

The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 80 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; winners extra; the second saved his stake. One mile and a half.

Mr. W. S. Crawford's ch f Wild Myrtle, by Stockwell—Tightfit, 4 yrs, 7st Glover 1

Mr. Richards's ch c Anchorite, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb F. Archer 2

Mr. R. Thompson's b c Adrianus, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (inc 7lb extra) Morbey 3

Betting: 9 to 4 on Wild Myrtle, 9 to 2 agst Anchorite, and 5 to 1 agst Adrianus.

The favourite made the running, followed by Adrianus till six furlongs from home, where the latter went on, attended by Wild Myrtle, Anchorite still lying off. Entering the straight the favourite again took a slight lead, but was overhauled by Anchorite at the distance, and the pair run a good race home, resulting eventually in the clever neck victory of Wild Myrtle; a bad third.

The PORT MEADOW PLATE (handicap) of 80 sovs; winners extra. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Gomm's b c Marvelous, by Blarney—It's Curious, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Constable 1

Mr. Morewood's ch g Middle Temple, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (inc 5lb extra) Mordan 2

(car 7st 6lb) Mordan 2

Mr. J. Crick's b c Wrangler, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb Covey 3

Mr. J. Lee Barber's Puzz, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb (inc 5lb extra) Emerton 0

Mr. R. Thompson's Mediator, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb Morbey 0

Mr. R. W. Wood's b f by King Tom—Quadrille's dam, 8st 7lb Constable 0

Mr. Gomm's b c Wild Princess, 6 yrs, 7st 3lb Smith 0

Mr. J. Dover's b f Early Morn, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb F. Jeffery 0

Mr. Foy's St. Peter, 5 yrs, 7st Newhouse 0

Mr. Mannington's Taymouth, 5 yrs, 7st Weedon 0

Mr. Howard's Kato Crumpletail, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb J. Sly 0

Lord Ailesbury's Beggarman, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb Glover 0

Mr. R. Pattinson's Sylvanus, 3 yrs, 6st W. Clay 0

Mr. Cordery's Lady Hilda, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 6lb) C. Archer 0

Betting: 5 to 1 each against Puzzle, Middle Temple, and Siluria, 7 to 1 against Marvellous, and 10 to 1 each agst Early Morn, Beggarman and Sylvanus.

Mediator was first away, followed by Wrangler, St. Peter, Marvellous, and Siluria, with Beggarman and Taymouth next till inside the distance, where Marvellous, on the extreme right, drew out, followed by Middle Temple and Wrangler, this order being maintained to the end, Marvellous winning easily by three lengths; a length between second and third; St. Peter was fourth, Sylvanus fifth, Beggarman sixth, Early Morn next, and Little Princess last.

The GODSTOW SELLING PLATE of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds and upwards; weight for age, with selling allowances. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. W. Frankish's b f by Atherstone—Annie, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (£50) Glover 1

Mr. Chaplin's Nasturtium, 2 yrs, 5st 11lb (£50) F. Jeffery 2

Mr. W. Dolley's Flourish, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (£50) Newhouse 3

Mr. G. Rous's Juvenis, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (£100) Owner 0

Mr. G. Fenwick's Sybarite, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (£40) F. Archer 0

Mr. T. Stevens's jun., Jack o' Lantern, 2 yrs, 6st (£50) Deacon 0

Mr. S. Myer's Stella, 5 yrs, 8st 3lb (£50) Wyatt 0

Mr. R. Goddard's b f by Grimston or Anglo-Saxon—Triana, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb (£50) Clouting 0

Mr. J. Dover's ch g by Soapstone, dam by Gamester—Zoe, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (£50) Morbey 0

Mr. Crawford's Pucelle, 2 yrs, 5st 11lb (£50) C. Archer 0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst Annie filly, 5 to 2 (at first 5 to 4) agst Nasturtium, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

Nasturtium made play, followed by Flourish, Cocotte, and Annie filly clear of the rest to the half-distance, where the favourite took up the running, and won a fine race by a head; Flourish beaten a short head only for second place. Pucelle was fourth, Jack o' Lantern fifth, and Sybarite next. Mr. Masterman bought the winner for 160 gs, and Mr. Erick bought Sybarite for 32 gs.

A MAIDEN PLATE of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings 8st 6lb. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Ireland's b c by Lord Clifden—Lady Langdon, by Kettledrum, 8st 10lb Cannon 1

Mr. W. R. Marshall's b c Jutland, 8st 10lb Webb 2

Mr. T. Narburgh's b c Mechanic, 8st 10lb Archer 3

Mr. H. Parker's c by St. Mungo—Lady Warneford, 8st 10lb C. Gray 0

Mr. Masque's b c Bourbaki, 8st 10lb Clement 0

Mr. J. Dover's b f by The Spy—Breakwater, by Buccaneer, 8st 6lb Crickmore 0

Betting: 11 to 8 agst Lady Langdon colt, 3 to 1 agst Mechanic, and 4 to 1 agst Breakwater filly.

Mechanic cut out the work, followed by the Breakwater filly and Jutland, with the favourite next to the distance, where the last-named drew up, and Jutland and he singling themselves out, ran a fine race home, ending in favour of Lady Langdon colt by a short head; three lengths between second and third.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—The INNKEEPERS' HANDICAP STAKES of 40 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; winners extra. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Morewood's ch c Middle Temple, by Lord Clifden—Lady Gough, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb (inc 5lb extra) Constable 1

Mr. R. Thompson's b c Mediator, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb Hunt 2

Mr. Pennant's b f Nutbrown, 3 yrs, 7st Glover 3

Mr. Gomm's Mystery, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb Goater 0

Mr. R. Pattinson's Sylvanus, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb F. Archer 0

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Middle Temple and Mystery, 8 to 1 agst Sylvanus, and 10 to 1 agst others.

Mr. Morewood was quickest away, attended by Mediator, with Middle Temple and Mystery next, to the distance, where the leader gave way and Middle Temple drew up to Mediator, the pair running a fine race home, resulting in favour of Middle Temple by a head; a bad third. Mystery was last.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S PLATE (handicap) of 200 sovs (in specie); winners extra. Three-quarters of a mile, straight.

Mr. T. Stevens's jun., b h Cranbourne, by Cranbury—Constance, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb Mordan 1

Mr. R. Pattinson's c Albanius, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb Glover 2



THE HAUNT OF THE "BORELE."



THE TABLES TURNED.



THE START.

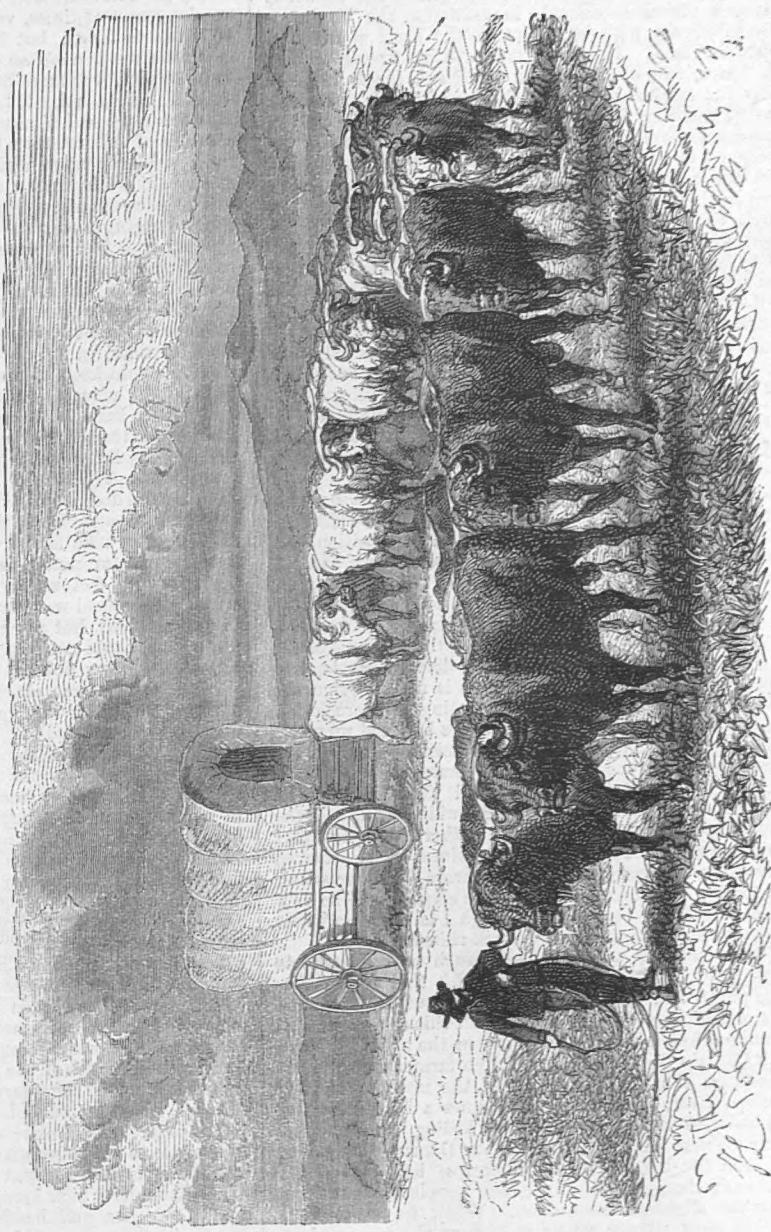


RHINOCEROS HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE GAME AFOOT.



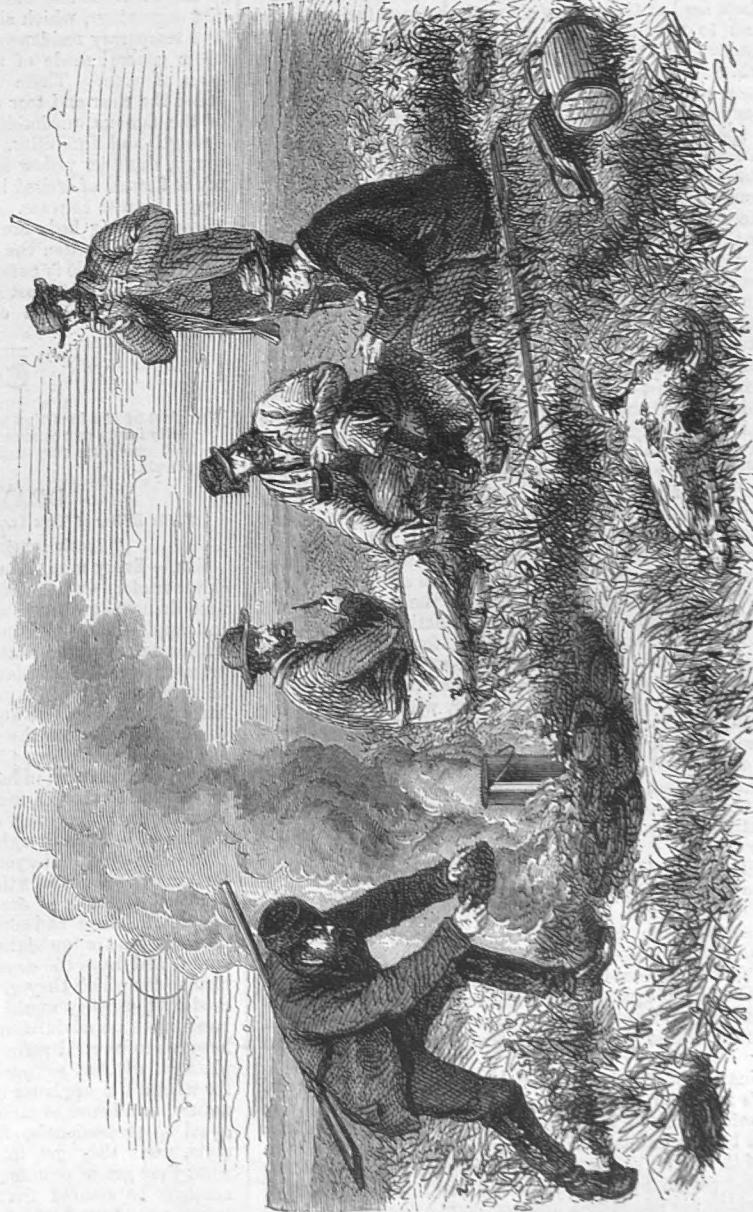
THE COUP DE GRACE.



OUR HOME IN THE BUSH.



JUST IN TIME.



RHINOCEROS HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A BIVOUAC.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING IN AFRICA.

NEXT to the elephant, the rhinoceros certainly takes precedence as the largest of forest creatures, and whilst the former is one of the most peaceable animals in existence, the black varieties of the latter are without exception the most morose and mischievously inclined. There are four distinct species known to exist in Africa, two of which, the *borelē* and the *keitloa*, are black, whilst the *mochocho* and *kobaoba* are white, or rather of a colour more approaching that any other. The *mochocho*, or common two-horned square-nosed white rhinoceros, is the largest of the family, as it often exceeds eighteen feet in length, and next to it in size is the *kobaoba*, or long-horned white rhinoceros, which is frequently seen with a main horn exceeding four feet in length, whilst that of the *mochocho* seldom exceeds two. The posterior horn in both species is seldom longer than eight inches. The white species are harmless, and will rarely attack man or beast except when provoked or wounded. The flesh is succulent and of fair flavour, and as this animal yields about two or three thousand pounds of meat, it is much sought after both by the colonists and the native tribes. The *keitloa*, or two-horned black rhinoceros, is less than either of the white varieties, but somewhat larger than the *borelē*, and the horns are much longer than those of any other species, the posterior horn sometimes attaining a length exceeding five feet six inches, whilst in the *borelē* the posterior horn is much shorter than the anterior one, which rarely exceeds two feet in length.

The white rhinoceros are flat-lipped and habitual grazers, whilst the black species have the upper lip prehensile, and are habitual browsers, and they differ much both in habits and disposition, the former being innocent eaters of grass that live in peace with all other animals, whilst the latter feed on young shoots, branches, and roots, which they dig up with their fore horns, and are the most quarrelsome and spiteful brutes imaginable, attacking indiscriminately man or beast. As a rule, most of the denizens of the forest will shun and avoid man's presence, doing their best to escape a *rencontre*; but the black rhinoceros is an exception, for as soon as he sniffs the taint in the air denoting an intrusion in his domain, he snorts a defiant challenge, tosses his head up wind, and, sweeping right and left with his huge horns, charges in the direction he imagines his enemy to be, and commences the attack without the slightest provocation. Should the lion and the *keitloa* meet, the former allows the latter a wide berth, and the elephant generally yields the path to him rather than encounter such a formidable antagonist, although sometimes he is attacked by his quarrelsome adversary before he is aware of his presence, and then a terrific battle ensues, when the elephant, if he is a tusker, generally gets the best of it, although I have seen a whole herd of elephants put to flight by two black rhinoceros.

Every African traveller who has been much in the bush has some strange story to tell of his *rencontres* with this general disturber of the peace, and the following incident, which happened to myself, is one of many instances in which this aggressive and malevolent animal has taken the initiative in the attack. I was hunting with Captain Stevenson and a Dutch farmer of the name of Van Jansen, on the Nylstroom, one of the many tributaries of the Limpopo river, when we came across a large herd of buffalo, and had commenced operations by killing three of their number when we were informed by one of our Damara guides that two *keitloa* (the two-horned black rhinoceros) had turned our rear and suddenly charged down upon our people without their offering them the slightest molestation. When the buffalo were first sighted, we sent all our followers, except the gun-carriers, with the horses to the rear, there to await our return, and it appears that two of their number, whilst in search of wild fruit, disturbed the *keitloa*, who were enjoying a snooze under the shade of a grove of kushhai trees. The rhinoceros were lying down on their sides, fast asleep, when first discovered, but awakened by the voices of the men, in the twinkling of an eye they were on their legs, and, undismayed by the shouting and a couple of shots fired at them, they charged the men furiously and obliged them to take refuge in trees, when, enraged at their escape, they gave vent to their spleen by tearing down the bushes in their path.

Van Jansen, who had killed one buffalo and wounded a second with his heavy roah, now rejoined me, and we determined to follow up the spoor of the rhinoceros. Having carefully reloaded my big Daw rifle with a Jacobs' shell in the right barrel and a hardened three-ounce round-headed cylindrical bullet in the left, I left my companion an 8-gauge double smooth-bore as a second gun, and, accompanied only by Nagoma carrying my spare rifle, we made tracks for the scene of the Damara's discomfiture. The fresh spoor was everywhere to be seen, but the trails crossed and recrossed each other so frequently that it was scarcely possible to discover the actual line of retreat. We had followed the spoor some distance when we found it doubled back to a patch of thick bush close to where we first took it up; and we were considering what the next move should be when, suddenly, our suspense was terminated in the most abrupt manner; for the male rhinoceros, with a fiendish shrill snort, came tearing down at us with horns lowered and tail straight on end, closely followed by his mate. I sprang on one side so as to let them pass, but Van Jansen, who was also right in their line of charge, trusting to the efficiency of his heavy roah, stood his ground and coolly let drive when the huge brute was within half a dozen paces of him. Although the shot must have told severely at that short distance, it did not disable him or even stay his course for a second: he merely staggered from the shock, and swerved a little to one side as he passed me. I let drive and planted the shell just behind the near shoulder; when, almost instantaneously, every vital function in the whole frame of the animal seemed to be checked, for he dropped in a heap, doubled up with his knees under him, at Van Jansen's feet. I had hardly pulled trigger when the widowed mate, cocking her head on one side in a most knowing manner, with vicious rolling of her cunning little eyes, and a scream of rage mingled with distress, bore furiously down upon me—but as she lowered her head as she approached, I aimed at the centre of her brawny neck, and the heavy bullet, after smashing some of the vertebrae, passed into the region of the heart, for, rolling head-over-heels in the most extraordinary manner, she fell stone dead within a few yards of her spouse.

"Hondred duizen duivels! But this is not work for a man with a large family!" exclaimed the Dutchman, as soon as he had somewhat recovered his usual equanimity of mind; for although brave as a lion, his nerves were somewhat shaken at his narrow escape from impalement. "If it had not been for your lucky shot, that horn would have spoiled the seat of the biggest pair of breeches in Naquana land, I'll be bound," continued he as he measured the front horn, which was nearly six spans, or fifty-four inches, whilst the hinder one was somewhat less than a foot.

On examination of the bull I found that the heavy bullet of Van Jansen's roah had ploughed up the forehead and entered the neck, but somewhat too high up to prove mortal, whilst the Jacobs' shell I had administered behind the shoulder, bursting in the region of the heart, had caused instantaneous death. Having assembled the people by a call from my hunting-horn, I cut off the horns, which are joined to a knob of bone attached by strong ligaments to the nose and firmly set in the skin, and returned to the marsh where we had killed the buffalo.

The engravings illustrate a trader's narrative of a rhinoceros hunt in Amatonga land, which is best given in his own words as told round the watch-fire after a good day's buffalo hunting. "Buffaloes are dangerous at times, very dangerous, and most big game may be made to fight; but for a thorough going *skellum* (villain), command me to a *bichan* (black rhinoceros), who, when you wish to hunt him, it is more likely that he will hunt you. I remember once I and a mixed breed after-rider, part Kaffir, and part Hottentot, whom I often took with me on my trips, contrived to get a couple of bullets into a black rhinoceros, one of a pair which we came suddenly upon whilst riding through a bush path. Our quarry did not hesitate a moment to retaliate, but came down at a furious pace upon my people, who did not seem to know where to run. Charging among the discomfited carriers, they leapt over the nearest, who had presence of mind sufficient to throw himself flat upon the ground, and came blundering along, apparently undecided as to which they should attack first, when my horse, generally steady and reliable, gave a loud snort, and, leaping into the air, went plunging through the rough thorny bush. Jan, my after-rider, galloped off down the bush-path, but I well knew that he would keep with us, and be ready in time of need. If I had had the advantage of open ground, I felt sure that my horse could easily have distanced the rhinoceros, but we were among tangle and timber, and upon rough broken ground, and, worse than all, my horse was frightened, and a horse is never so useless as when he is frightened. Well, after a short time—what with ducking and dodging to avoid the trunks of trees and overhanging boughs, and my efforts to guide my horse so as to keep a-head of the game, who followed grunting and groaning in my tracks, hunting me as much as a blood-hound hunts a fox—I was beginning to feel uneasy, and anxious to bring matters to a crisis. The blood was flowing, I could see, from two bullet holes in the old bull, but as the wounds were not near a vital part, I knew they would not impede his progress, and prevent his doing mischief. Every now and then, after being lost to sight for a time, he would come charging out upon one or other of us, with his nose to the ground, making strange grunting noises, kicking up pieces of hardened soil, and crashing through the thick thorny tangle. Seeing that my light-coloured steed only made me a conspicuous object for a charge, and that riding with anything like safety was impossible with my terrified horse in a heavy bush country, I watched my opportunity, slipped from his back, and, handing him over to one of my Kaffirs, hurriedly directed him to get away to the safest place he could find, whilst I turned my attention to our infuriated pursuers. The Kaffir fastened the horse up in the bush, and then, apprehensive of his own safety, clambered up into a tree. Whilst creeping along, almost bent double, I heard a crashing in the undergrowth some short distance from me, and climbing on rising ground, I saw the rhinoceros emerge from some cover, and charge my horse, which would have been sacrificed in an instant if I had not stopped him in mid-career by a lucky shot just behind the shoulder-blade, which brought him up, and caused him to charge back in the direction of the Kaffir, who was shouting 'blue murder' from his elevated sanctuary amongst the branches of a good-sized mimosa. I now re-mounted, and getting into some more open ground, began to feel myself once more master of the situation, and again gave chase to the infuriated animal, who, whilst thundering along apparently in mad pursuit of something, afforded me a fair shot at his shoulder which brought him to his knees. Jan now arrived upon the scene, and handing me a spare gun, I discharged both barrels in the region of his heart, which ended his troubles. Even while lying at the point of death, there appeared to be a vicious twinkle and a look indicative of anything rather than surrender in the eye of the black rhinoceros. After a good deal of shouting we collected all hands, and lying down under a tree quite exhausted, I confess that I was oblivious of everything else for some time, my only real wish being for utter quiet and rest."

The different incidents of rhinoceros hunting are represented in the engravings, which also give a fair delineation of bush scenery, and temporary residences of colonists in this part of Africa, with their general mode of travelling in a waggon drawn by twelve span of oxen. These waggons are the only vehicles that will stand the wear and tear of African travel. The wheels are made of the famous umsimbini or Natal iron-wood, so called from its strength and durability, whilst the truck or body is of umkoba, a tough, durable, yellow wood which stands the climate well. The top is formed of arched laths of a lighter description covered with rough, coarse canvass, under which the hammocks are slung. These hanging beds are not at all uncomfortable, and when the waggon is in motion the occupant might well imagine himself at sea. The vehicle is naturally of a great weight, for it is necessary to have every part most substantially built to stand the bad roads and passes. It often constitutes an African trader's home for years together.

Correspondence.

[THE fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

DRAMATIC READERS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

"Speak scholarly and wisely."—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Every man, in a more or less degree, imagines himself a clever reader. Commencing with "penny readings" (as they have been delusively called), and appropriating to himself the laughter and applause of the audience, which, intended really for the author, have somehow been pocketed by him, for the time being, representative, his confidence increases with each appearance, and he very probably displays less taste. We will presume that he has a nice appearance, and has a few of those "little nothings" which go so far to make up the evening party man, has tolerably faint ideas of Bellew, Charles Dickens, or some other celebrated reader, and has been induced to appear at an "entertainment given &c. &c." He chooses one of the most difficult pieces he can lay his hands upon, and as every one of the audience has come with the intention of being thoroughly delighted, it is rather easy to produce a pleasing effect. The young reader is congratulated upon his performance, and henceforth he considers himself a remarkable man. Lessons in elocution are considered unnecessary; even to be rid of provincialism and every-day mannerism is not attempted; therefore we are inundated with a set of people who bore us into *enrui*, and have the conscience to take money at the doors in exchange for which they give a third and fourth rate article. They read first as they would at the domestic fireside, with book in hand, with no modulation of voice or play of feature; the subject happens to be good perhaps, and the reader bows himself off the platform without so much as an acknowledgment of the author for whom the applause is *really* intended. But this is human nature, and hence so many run away with the idea that they are equal to professionals, for what they get in voice they lack in style, what they get in appearance they lack in carriage, and what they get in pronunciation they lack in delivery; and let the amateur be assured that a great deal more is required than he possesses; natural talent combined with appearance, deportment, memory, and ready wit, are all required, and it is to very few that all these are meted out.

There are very few, even amongst professionals, who understand or can practise the art of reading *sous*, unless after a great deal of practice, having, in the first place, a peculiar aptitude for that kind of thing. An actor may be excellent in one line, but out of it he may be lost entirely, whereas a reader must be versatile, or his audience will tire; he must possess good elocutionary powers and the power of retaining the fixed attention of his audience, having no extraneous effect of scenery or costume and accessories to assist his illustrations. If, then, a professional has so much to learn, what must we think of the presumption of an amateur who strides upon the platform with the greatest assurance and calls the sibilation (as it is too frequently) a Dramatic Reading?

But we will leave the amateur for more cultivated quality. We must soar to those classic heights which are meant only for the professional reader, and in which he alone can produce corresponding effects. But to try to be a professional reader is no mean essay. He must remember that on him and him *only* is the concentrated interest of an assemblage to be centred, and every word, every gesture, every *pose*, must be well studied, and, being originally adapted by nature for his vocation, he must be educated thoroughly up to the pitch of excellence desired. "All public speaking and reading must be a little heightened above ordinary nature, the pauses being longer and more frequent, the tones stronger, the action more forcible, and the expression more highly coloured." "The greater number of auditors being at a distance, it must have stronger touches and greater light and shade than would be correct or necessary for a near hearing and view alone."

Study and practice, as in most other things, can alone make a successful reader. But he must possess advantages of voice and figure before he undertakes the former, otherwise his time will be thrown away. There are so-called professors of elocution who may persuade many young devotees to embark money and time on that which will never be of any use to them, and these charlatans extract large fees while teaching false elocutionary principles. The pre-payment of these people is a direct imposition, and should be discouraged. As in vocalists, more of art and less of nature, and *vice versa*, is continually met with, and in very, very few we get both combined. The necessity for a reader to come before us in a correct form is as necessary for the mental welfare of the public who pay for admission to hear him as for a tutor who takes the responsibility of teaching manners and morals to the rising generation. And it should be borne in mind that a third or fourth rate actor should have no place in such a case, as, probably, with a deficient education to start with, with mannerisms acquired by the sets of people he has played before, and with a style of speaking more fitted to the "gaff" than to the drawing-room, he is perhaps the very last to whom the training of a pupil should be confided. If that pupil should be intended for the profession of a reader, there should be more care at the commencement, *i.e.* in the formation of his organ for ultimate cultivation and study, than for almost any other profession. The responsibilities of a tutor are great, but the responsibilities of the guardian to whom is entrusted the duty of discovering the tutor are greater. That discovery well made, time and practice must do the rest. A good reader can always claim an audience, for he it is whom a British public, and perhaps the most discriminating portion of it, admires and appreciates, and he will hold his own among the greatest and most celebrated of our age.

As regards the lady readers, the same rules apply; but such ladies will ever be scarce, as the love of assuming showy dresses and costumes, which are calculated to display to greater advantage their faces and figures, will always lead them to the stage. There are one or two exceptions, but they occasionally appear upon the theatrical stage, and cannot (although they are evidently greater as readers) wholly tear themselves away from it. I see no reason why they should not fill both stage and platform with credit, but I do think that a line should be drawn between the professions of reader and actor or actress, so that those who are conscientiously averse to histrionic representations may listen unreservedly to passages breathed forth in the spirit of eloquence by apt interpreters, either in the assembly or drawing-room. I do not enter into the wisdom of those who, ignoring the theatre, court the assembly room; this I would rather deal with in my next letter; but it is so, and the many tastes of various audiences, however capricious or unaccountable, have to be suited in some way or other. We cannot lead taste, except by superhuman efforts, for it "grows by what it feeds upon," and is only to be changed, however *outré*, by gradual and delicate treatment. As long as it is refined, we cannot complain, and it is refinement which imbues the patrons of dramatic reading. The standard of excellence is more likely to be attained and adhered to when the effort is made by those who to educational and personal accomplishments unite the demeanour and address of gentlemen or gentlewomen, and they will always have listeners who choose the more elevated and classical paths of literature as cultivated dramatic readers.

Yours, &c. LOUIS DOUGLAS.

Latest Betting.

EBOR HANDICAP (run Wednesday, August 26).

4 to 1	agst Blantyre	14 to 1	agst Inveresk
5 to 1	— Chivalrous	14 to 1	— Louise
6 to 1	— Falkland	14 to 1	— Crusader
7 to 1	— Dalham	14 to 1	— Conundrum
10 to 1	— Flurry	20 to 1	— Charles
10 to 1	— Owton	25 to 1	— Benedictine
10 to 1	— Agglethorpe	25 to 1	— Daniel
10 to 1	— Nectar	25 to 1	— Polonaise
14 to 1	— Freeman		

ST. LEGER.

5 to 2	agst George Frederick	100 to 1	ngst Aquilo
5 to 2	— Apology	100 to 1	— Novateur
6 to 1	— Atlantic	100 to 1	— Daniel
10 to 1	— Leolinus	100 to 1	— Selse Bill
15 to 1	— Trend	100 to 1	— Blantyre
20 to 1	— Lady Patricia	100 to 1	— King of Tyne
20 to 1	— Glenalmond	100 to 1	— Dukedom
25 to 1	— Scamp	100 to 1	— Farnsfield
25 to 1	— Feu d'Amour	100 to 1	— Vincent
40 to 1	— Reverberation	100 to 1	— Whitehall
50 to 1	— Ecossais	100 to 1	— Peeping Tom
50 to 1	— Tomnahawk	100 to 1	— Boulet
50 to 1	— Rostrevor	100 to 1	— Sir W. Wallace
66 to 1	— Rob Roy	100 to 1	— Warren Point
100 to 1	— Boscoel	100 to 1	— Kidbrooke
100 to 1	— Orleans		

100 to 1 agst any other.

PLACE BETTING.

6 to 4	on George Frederick	4 to 1	agst Trent
6 to 4	— Apology	5 to 1	— Scamp
5 to 4	agst Atlantic	5 to 1	— Lady Patricia
2 to 1	— Leolinus	5 to 1	— Glenalmond

THE CESAREWITCH.

40 to 1	agst Pirate	50 to 1	agst Hessleden
50 to 1	— Gleneagle	66 to 1	agst any other.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

33 to 1	agst Walnut	50 to 1	agst Novateur
50 to 1	— Lowlander	50 to 1	— Khedive
50 to 1	— Daniel	50 to 1	— Newry

66 to 1 agst any other.

THE two-year-old colt by Mariner out of Lady Rollo has been named *Lord Rollo*.

NORTH KERRY (6 yrs), by Fergus out of Meter, has been bought by Mr. Hartigan for 80 guineas.

CROXTETH.—This horse fell and broke his back while running for the Grand Steeple Chase at Ostend on Monday, and was afterwards destroyed.

CRICKMERE, who was reported for disobedience at the post in the Middleton Two-year-old Stakes at Oxford on Tuesday, was reprimanded by the stewards the following morning.

MORTON BAGOT (6 yrs), by Master Bagot out of Grillade, met with a severe accident at Epsom on Monday, whilst being boxed for Streatham and cut his leg so badly that he had to be sent home again.

AGGLETHORPE.—We hear that this horse is going on well for his engagement in the Ebor Handicap, for which he has been supported rather freely down to 10 to 1. He is trained by Tom Green at Beverley.

THE Bristol and Western Counties Flat Races are definitely fixed to take place in the week after Doncaster, when a sum of £3000 will be added to the several races. The Bristol Royal Cup of 500 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., one mile and a half, is the principal race; and the next most important events are the West of England Handicap of 300 sovs., and the Clifton Cup, which is a weight for age race. For Warwick Mr. Merry has secured excellent entries, and he is early in the field with the weights for the Leamington Stakes, for which sixty horses have been handicapped. For the Warwick Cup there is the large entry of eighteen horses, and the other races have filled equally well.

DEATH OF MARIGOLD.—The death was announced last week of this celebrated brood mare.

She was bred in 1860 by Mr. H. Hargreaves, and was by Teddington out of Sister to Singapore, by Ratan. She did not run at two years old, but in 1863 ran fourth to Lady Augusta for the One Thousand Guineas, and was beaten a head by Queen Bertha in the Oaks. As a three-year-old, her only victory was the Chesterfield Stakes Handicap at Chester, but in 1864 she won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, carrying 7st 6lb, a Handicap Plate, and the Scurry Stakes at Huntington, and the Zetland Stakes at York August Meeting. Her first produce was Headingley, by Stockwell, in 1868, and to Rataplan in 1869 she threw Rattle, who won two races at Windsor last week. Her colt of 1870 was Doncaster, whose only three-year-old victory out of five attempts was in the Derby, though he ran his stable companion, Marie Stuart, to a head in the Doncaster St. Leger, and this year won the Goodwood Cup. In the two following years she slipped her foals, but has now a yearling by King Tom, named "All Heart," who, with Sir Tatton Sykes's other youngsters, will probably be sent up for sale during the Doncaster week.

THE FATAL CANOE ACCIDENT ON THE THAMES.—On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Diplock, coroner for the western division of Middlesex, held a lengthened enquiry at the King's Head Inn, Twickenham, touching the death of Mr. George William Jeffery (20), who was drowned by the upsetting of a canoe at Twickenham, some particulars of which have already appeared. Before viewing the body the jury inspected the canoe, which, using the words of a witness, appeared a mere cockle-shell. Joseph Jeffery, of 46, Falmouth-road, Southwark, iron merchant, identified the body as that of his brother, who resided at 19, Moreton-terrace, Pimlico. In reply to the coroner, witness said his brother was accustomed to paddle a canoe, but was no swimmer. Mr. F. E. Burr, of 19, Moreton-terrace, Pimlico, a friend of the deceased, who was with him at Twickenham, when he started on his fatal journey, said deceased had told him he had often paddled a canoe in Africa. He had boasted of the canoe which upset being the lightest on the river. In fact (said the witness) it was a mere nutshell. He did not think he had ever been in the canoe before, though he had seen him in others. Witness could swim, but did not think he could swim so far as the spot where the canoe upset. When he left the shore with the canoe deceased appeared to paddle very well till he got about thirty yards away, when he appeared to have made a stroke on the right side, and whilst in the act of making a stroke with the paddle on the left side the canoe suddenly turned over. Joseph Henry Jones, a waterman, deposed to being about at 200 yards off with a lady passenger in his boat; he got the lady ashore as quick as possible and fetched the drags; he rowed to the spot and fetched up the deceased at the second east of the drag iron, the body being at the edge of a ballast hole. There was a young man named Lee in a boat near where the canoe upset, who pulled off his coat and would have jumped in had it not been for the people calling out on shore. In reply to the coroner, witness said Lee told him so since. Lee was a waterman and could swim and dive, but said he was unnerved by the people calling out. Besides Lee's boat there were about a dozen and a half of other watermen's boats on the river near the spot. The coroner summed up at some length, remarking that he was sorry to have occasion to notice the conduct of the watermen and others present, for out of a dozen and half of boats with persons in them near the scene of the disaster he felt sure there must have been many good swimmers besides the man Lee, who it appeared had taken no more trouble to rescue the deceased man than if he had been some dumb animal. During his experience as coroner he was pleased to say that at other waterside places he found it quite the reverse. The foreman could not altogether agree with the latter remarks, but thought the man Lee to blame, and that it should be so stated in the verdict. The coroner having explained that no one was legally responsible, a verdict of accidental death by drowning was then returned.

PHANTOM (aged), by Cape Flyaway out of Child of the Mist, broke down in the near hind pastern while running for the Kenmore Stakes at the Kilnarney Steeple Chase meeting on Wednesday last, and it is feared that he will be unable to race again.

THE GAME OF BASE-BALL.—Mr. J. C. Reed, of Kingston-on-Thames, writes to a contemporary as follows:—"The notoriety recently acquired by our Transatlantic cousins in connection with the above game, and the limited extent of its practice in this country, have led to the belief on the part of many, especially of the rising generation, that the game owes its origin to America, and has thence been imported to England. It may be well, therefore, to inform some and remind others that base-ball is thoroughly English, and during the 16th century occupied a foremost place in the list of our national sports. It is alluded to by Shakespeare and other writers as an old rustic game, and was an indispensable accompaniment to the amusements provided for the festive May-day gatherings on village greens during the reign of the Merrie Monarch and several of his successors. Like many of our early pastimes, however, the game of base-ball gradually lost its patrons, and is now known to a comparative few. The knowledge of the game, indeed, lingers chiefly in our most remote rural districts, including some villages in the county of Suffolk, where, more than thirty years since, it was a common game between the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood in which I then resided. In Cambridgeshire it is known by the name of 'Tut.' I have no desire to depreciate the ability and skill of the Americans in playing this game, being only anxious to remove the prevailing impression that it is an importation from another country."

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NOTICE.

DONCASTER YEARLING SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will hold their YEARLING SALES at DONCASTER, as usual, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, Sept. the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. Those Breeders who have not sent in their Lists are requested to do so at once.

N.B.—The List of each day's Sale is Now Full, and no fresh applications can be received.

Albert Gate, Hyde Park, August 19th, 1874.

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NOTICE.—In consequence of the great influx of Job Horses for the Wednesdays' Sales, Messrs. W. & S. FREEMAN request that at least a fortnight's notice be given by Gentlemen wishing to secure stalls.

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Some of the most wonderful Cures ever witnessed of men, women, and children, some who had been in Hospitals and under the best Medical Men of the Day. Sold in bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you send me another bottle of your Eye Liquid. Please send it by return as I cannot afford to do without it. It is doing me good—Yours respectfully, J. GENDERS, London Road, Chesterton.

Sudden, near Rochdale, Lancashire, Sept. 29, 1873.

Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you please send me another bottle of your American Eye Liquid at 2s. 9d. The last has done me a great deal of good, and I think another will make a perfect cure.—Yours truly, J. YARWOOD.

Gower-road, near Swansea, Sept. 29, 1873.

Sir.—I am happy to inform you that the bottle of Eye Liquid I received from you has quite cured my eyes, after years of near-sight. I would recommend it to all miners and others with weak eyes.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE HOPKINS.

The following is an extract from the *Official Lloyd's List* of June 19, 1874:—"The Human Eye and its Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision, nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to the subject by eminent oculists, and other surgical authorities; poets and philosophers also have eulogised the wondrous and charming influences of this "window of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the eyes of most people are so frequently subject and exposed, more particularly those resident in tropical or humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery, sore, or inflamed eyes, forms of disease which, though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and if neglected for a length of time may possibly become a constitutional disorder. It may be observed, also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dangerous in the hands of unskilled persons, because of certain strong chemicals or poisonous properties which they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating the afflictions alluded to has recently been brought under our notice, supported by innumerable testimonials of an entirely voluntary character from all parts of the kingdom, attesting unquestionably with reference to many difficult and long standing cases its speedy efficacy of cure. We allude to the *Patent Eye Liquid*, prepared solely by Mr. John Ede, of the Birchfield Road, Birmingham. We have been assured that this preparation has given complete relief to many who had been previously treated unsuccessfully in some of the leading hospitals, and as may readily be imagined, is much sought after in districts where it has